



Janus

14

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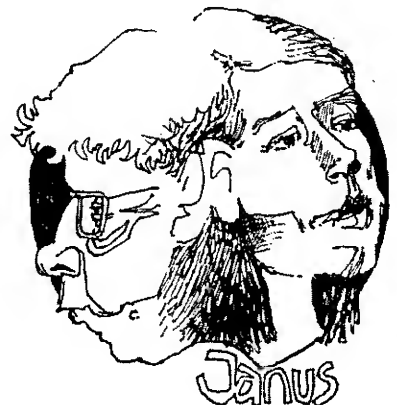
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ERRATA

[What? The last issue was perfect?]

The co-editors of Janus, Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll, shape the philosophy and goals of the magazine and locate and solicit contributors. However, Jan alone controls the quality of written contributions and communicates with the writers, while Jeanne alone controls the quality of graphic contributions, communicates with the artists, and executes Janus layout. Locs are edited by Hank Luttrell. Copy editing and proofreading are done by Richard S. Russell, with additional proofing by Jan Bogstad, Jeanne Gomoll, Terri Gregory, Hank Luttrell, Diane Martin, and Paul Matzke. Typing is by Perri Corrick-West, Lesleigh Luttrell, Diane Martin, and Richard S. Russell. Our printer and offset advisor is Randy Everts (Speed Print, Madison). Distribution is handled by Philip Kaveny and Hank Luttrell. Published by SF3. // Collation for Janus 12/13 was by Phil Arny, John Bartel, Janice Bogstad, Perri Corrick-West, Jim Cox, Jeanne Gomoll, Bill Hoffman, Steven V. Johnson, Philip Kaveny, Mary Beth Kean, Ken Konkol, Ellen LaLuzerne, Hank Luttrell, Carl Marrs, Diane Martin, Paul Matzke, Lynne Ann Morse, Tom Murn, Kim Nash, Lucy Nash, Rex T. Nelson, Toni Petniunas, Richard S. Russell, Nancy Smith, Anne Steel, Richard West, Rick White. // All of the opinions in Janus are those of their authors and/or artists and are not necessarily reflections of the policies or opinions of the editors or publisher. Any resemblance of any fictional character, written or depicted, to any real persons, living or dead, is coincidental. // Copyright © 1978 by Janice Bogstad. All rights revert to the original authors and artists. // Single-issue price: \$1.50 (by mail in North America), \$1.75 (by mail outside North America), \$2.00 (newsstand). Subscription price for four issues (spring, summer, autumn, winter): \$6.00 (by mail in North America), \$7.00 (by mail outside North America). All subscriptions requested at former rates will be credited at the current rates. Janus is also available for trade (all-for-all preferred), accepted letters of comment, or other accepted contribution. // Write Janus c/o SF3, Box 1624, Madison, WI, 53701.



Since

last issue, there have been a lot of events for us Madisonians. There's been the WorldCon in Phoenix (August 30 - September 6, 1978), and the stories we've brought back from IguanaCon and ideas brought up because of it fill this issue of *Janus*.

* * *

In planning for the trip down to Phoenix, situated in the middle of the Sonoma Desert, I, at least, expected little worse than a constant display of the worst of a Wisconsin summer. But somewhere just above your average Wisconsin scorcher lies what must be my breaking point, and I encountered that in Phoenix. Along with countless others at the con, I minimized my trips between hotels and between hotel and convention center (in which the art show and huckster room were housed). I tended to get headaches if I stayed out in the blast-furnace temperatures for longer than five minutes, and now agree with Denys Howard's assessment of the place as one unfit for human habitation. (He's making a list.) I'd rather be in Wisconsin in February in the middle of a power failure than in Phoenix during one. Freezing I can handle.

MadSTF showed up in force at IguanaCon. (The Madison Folks at Phoenix included Jan Bogstad, Perri Corrick-West, Jeanne Gomoll, Bill Hoffman, Steve Johnson, Phil Kaveny, Ken Konkol, Vickie Loebel, Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, Carl Marrs, Diane Martin, Dick Russell, and Dick West.) Most of the above-mentioned were luckily able to fly down to Phoenix. Some of us, though, drove and thus have many additional memories associated with our additional days of conventioning. Mine include Bill Hoffman (owner of the car I rode down in) constantly warning us that various parts of the car were sure to break down before we got even halfway to our destination. Later, after even he had begun to believe that we'd make it and began sleeping between his driving shifts, Bill continued to prevent us from sliding into apathy and would periodically wake up like some berserk, traumatized ex-marine, screaming "What's wrong?". Inevitably the person driving at the time would clutch the steering wheel, heart suddenly pounding with fear, and shriek back "Nothing!". Kept us all alert, for sure.

The con itself was somewhat disorganized. Perri Corrick-West's report should be especially revealing in this respect, since she spent much of her convention involved in behind-the-scenes organizational work. The con did, however, work and work reasonably well. As Harlan Ellison observed in his guest-of-honor speech Sunday night at the Hugo presentations, no one (referring especially to the newspaper reporters) commented much upon the fact that "a bunch of amateurs brought 6,000 people together for a convention that lasts for nearly a week—and it runs!", as opposed to the army of workers the Shriners would need.¹ Despite the many stories of inefficiencies and mistakes that will no doubt contribute to the memory of IguanaCon, the committee must be credited with having done a tremendous job in spite of the problems that plagued them during their three years of planning. Many of these problems are continuing problems for worldcons, ironically caused by the lack of a continuing worldcon organization to correct what has been called the "reinventing the square wheel syndrome". This year at the worldcon business meeting, the proposal for such a continuing organization was discussed but so far, the idea is still

¹Reported by Brian Earl Brown in *The Bullshead*, #4, published at IguanaCon, September 4, 1978.

news nurds



Jeanne Gomoll

under consideration. This organization would hypothetically pass information and assistance from worldcon to worldcon along with the franchise for that year's worldcon, and would require that certain deadlines (for PR reports, Hugo nomination/voting forms, hotel contracts, etc.) be held to and reported on. For an excellent discussion on the need for such an organization see "Everything You Always Wanted to Know about the WorldCon Constitution Revision But Were Afraid to Ask", by Larry Smith, Ross Pavloc and Bob Hillis, in *Avenging Aardvark's Aerie 10*, edited by Ross Pavloc.²

And so, against a background in which it seemed that most of the people I knew, myself included, had "STAFF" stamped prominently upon their nametags; where, every once in a while, Operations Chief Gary Farber feverishly wove through the record-breaking crowds on his way to straighten out some tangle; where a "Hogu" for best fannish feud was awarded to IguanaCon Committee 1 vs. IguanaCon Committee 2 vs. IguanaCon Committee 3; where wandering trouble-shooters plugged into their nifty walkie-talkies leaned

into their earphones, eyes squinted, trying to understand the latest broadcast from operations headquarters; where frustrated art-show patrons wandered around asking, "Is the art show opened yet?"; where registration, banquet and Hugo ticket lines intimidated us; and where you never finished encountering all the people you wanted to hug or say hello to or meet because there were so many people and so many places they could be—against this exciting and alive background, we played with and enjoyed one another. It was one of the best cons I've ever attended.

* * *

We went down to Phoenix, knowing that neither *Janus* (nominated as best amateur magazine) or I (nominated as best amateur artist) stood a chance at all of winning. My hopes for the latter category were, in fact, for Grant Canfield. But tension mounted for me unconsciously during the course of the con as we received "best wishes" from friends. I was surprised by the overriding sense of relief I felt Sunday night after the award ceremony was over, and it took a while for me to comprehend how well we'd actually done. At the end of "News Nuds" you can find a breakdown of voting results, and if you skim down to the amateur-magazine category, you can see why I was jokingly and gleefully pointing out at the Hugos-lovers' party that *Janus* had, in fact, gotten the most votes for best fanzine (as opposed to amateur magazine).

We're now saying, "Wait till next year." Next year, *Locus* will no longer be in the running; Charlie Brown has withdrawn *Locus* from that category after winning four Hugos (1971, '72, '76 and '78). With the same gracious gesture, Phil Foglio (winner of two Hugos in as many years) did the same, and was the first of the Hugo winners that night who withdrew themselves from future Hugo nominations. Rick Sternback, also a winner of two Hugos in two years, followed suit. However, Harlan Ellison, jumping up and down, ecstatic with the announcement of his Hugo for "Jeffty Is Five", said he would accept a Hugo next year if it were offered to him. There is no problem of individuals winning year after year in the category "Jeffty Is Five" won (short story)—at least not for essentially the same work—and Harlan's announcement was thus greeted with laughter (and much applause). But the gestures of those other winners point out some real difficulties (among many) with Hugo Awards. In the fan categories especially, if something is not done to counter the difficulties having to do with basic definitions, the awards will soon cease to mean anything to the community at which they are aimed (if they have not already done so).

I'm especially (obviously) interested in the fanzine category, or "amateur magazine" category, as it was called for this year's awards. There has been much argument about the definition of "amateur" vs. "professional", and the disagreement came into the open during the convention with much discussion as to whether Charlie and (until this year) Dena Brown's *Locus* is or is not a professional zine (on the basis of its taking paid advertisements, being produced on a nearly full-time basis, amount of profit, etc.). In recent years, the appearance of several semi-pro zines which are all quite ambiguous with respect to the category in which they belong, has caused a great deal of consternation among some fans who see these zines as a force that will prevent non-

ambiguously amateur fanzines from receiving recognition. This was the motivation behind the establishment of the FAAn awards. Maybe, as Jane Hawkins suggests in this issue, we need a third category: "semi-pro".

Maybe, but I think that's too cumbersome and unworkable a solution. There will always be shady areas and why should we trade two shady areas for the one we already have? No, the idea I'm leaning more and more toward is one that I first heard Gil Gaier mention at IguanaCon. And that idea has to do with some cutoff number with respect to the circulation of a publication: Skip all the pro/amateur or pro/fan distinctions, how much profit is made, whether contributors are paid, etc. Regardless of whether a zine declares itself as amateur or not, the main, overriding factor in the voting process has come to be the number of people who have access to the zine. This factor, though sometimes correlating highly with the quality of a given magazine, does not always do so. Considering the huge impact of the factor of circulation—far beyond, I think, the importance it should have in the choice of a best magazine, pro or amateur—I think the categories should take this factor into consideration. In the latest *Locus* poll (Issue 213, August 1978), which combined professional and non-professional magazines into one category, *F&SF* took first place, but *Locus* placed second, and several semi-prozines, and even a couple self-proclaimed amateur magazines were scattered among the top nineteen magazines listed (e.g., *SF Review*, *Algol*, *SF Commentary*). People are not nearly so aware of a given magazine's professional or amateur status as they are by the simple factor of its availability. I think that drawing some line—say the print number of a zine that would still make web-offset printing uneconomical for most fanzines (Our printer, Randy Everts, suggests 1,500.) would be a good thing. There would still be a "shady area" between the larger print runs of some offset zines, *Janus* included, as opposed to some mimeographed zines. Aside from the possibility of a bias created by self interest, I still think a redefinition of magazines for Hugo Awards according to their circulation rather than the too arguable definition of professional status would result in fewer gross absurdities. One could, with less room for doubt, establish the actual circulation of a zine as opposed to trying to determine whether a given editor is involved in a professional or amateur occupation. And we could eliminate the oft-occurring situation where a very good magazine is denied an award merely because not enough people saw it. I'd like to see which zines are nominated when the factor of circulation does not obscure the far more important factors of content, appearance, style, and personality of any given magazine.³

Besides that burning issue, there was a lot of discussion on other subjects. Profound and provocative discussion went on at many points of the panels having to do with sexual roles in our present and future worlds. The feminist programming, coordinated at IguanaCon by Hilde Hildebrand, was fantastic. It was integrated into the rest of the programming (i.e., there was not just the one or two obligatory "women's panels" at which all women participating in programming were to be found.) There was a lot of it and it worked. Marvelous discussions were contained or sparked by the panels. People changed their minds, they were moved as a result of these panels. Ask Susan Wood,

³The preceeding arguments for a revamping of Hugo award rules do not, of course, reflect all or even most of the feeling of the *Janus* folks here in Madison at the nomination. We're still slightly inebriated by the flattery of the thing and jubilant at how well we placed in the voting.

²*Avenging Aardvaark's Aerie*, ed. Ross Pavloc, 4654 Tamarak Blvd., EC-2, Columbus, OH 43229. \$1.50 or the usual.

Hugo Winners 1978

Best Novel (1,130 ballots):

- Winner: *Gateway* by Frederick Pohl (St. Martin's Press; *Galaxy*, November 1976 to March 1977)
2. *The Forbidden Tower* by Marion Zimmer Bradley (DAW Books)
 3. *Lucifer's Hammer* by Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle (Playboy Press, Fawcett)

Best Novel (1,048 ballots):

- Winner: "Stardance" by Spider & Jeanne Robinson (*Analog*, March 1977)
2. "In the Hall of the Martian Kings" by John Varley (*F&SF*, February 1977)
 3. "Aztecs" by Vonda N. McIntyre (*1978: The American Bicentennial*, ed. Edward Bryant, Pyramid, 1977)

Best Novelette (1,007 ballots):

- Winner: "Eyes of Amber" by Joan D. Vinge (*Analog*, June 1977)
2. "Ender's Game" by Orson Scott Card (*Analog*, August 1977)
 3. "The Screwfly Solution" by Raccoona Sheldon (*Analog*, June 1977)

Best Short Story (1,042 ballots)

- Winner: "Jeffy is Five" by Harlan Ellison (*F&SF*, July 1977)
2. "Air Raid" by John Varley (as Herb Boehm, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, Spring 1977)
 3. "Dog Day Evening" by Spider Robinson (*Analog*, October 1977)

Best Dramatic Presentation (1,220 ballots):

- Winner: *Star Wars* (Twentieth Century Fox)
- Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (Columbia Pictures)
2. "Blood: The Life and Future Times of Jack the Ripper" by Robert Bloch & Harlan Ellison (Alternate World Recordings)

Best Professional Artist (1,078 ballots):

- Winner: Rick Sternbach
2. Frank Kelly Freas
 3. Stephan Fabian

Best Professional Editor (1,150 ballots):

- Winner: George H. Scithers
2. Edward L. Ferman
 3. Ben Bova

Best Amateur Magazine (958 ballots):

- Winner: *Locus* edited by Charles & Dena Brown
2. *Science Fiction Reviews* edited by Richard E. Geis
 4. *Janna* edited by Janice Bogstad & Jeanne Comoll

Best FanWriter (903 ballots):

- Winner: Richard E. Geis
2. Susan Wood
 3. No Award

Best FanArtist (868 ballots)

- Winner: Phil Foglio
2. Grant Canfield
 3. Alexis Gilliland

IguanaCon Art Show Awards

Fan Category	Pro Category
Steven V. Johnson	Vincent DiFate
Tom Kidd	Alicia Austin
Grant Canfield	Larry Todd
Jules Hager	Dale Enzenbacher

who during her participation on a number of panels, encountered women who were reconsidering their opposition to the ERA as a result of some of the talking that went on at these panels. It was exciting! Panelists in this programming section—mostly "counter-programming" at the Adams Hotel, (though they were to be found in other programming as well) included Suzy McKee Charnas (GoB at the 1979 WisCon), Liz Lynn, Kate Wilhelm, Chip Delany, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Susan Wood, D. C. Fontana, Terry Carr, C. J. Cherryh, Martha Randall, Joan Vinge, and many other exciting authors/artists whose work is important to feminist-oriented SF fans. And though I originally suspected that some of the panels' titles would end up being more interesting than the discussions they headlined, the panels I attended marvelously contradicted that worry. The "What Is an MCP?" panel went on for two hours past its scheduled time, and several other panels, "Non-Patriarchal Futures" and the "How Important Is Technology to the Liberation of Women?", for instance, sparked smaller discussions that wandered on independently for some time after the formal panel. It occurred to me then, and I still feel so now, that we've passed some sort of great divide. A threshold. Something like: It's downhill now. We don't have to argue for basic programming and discussion on these vital subjects any longer. We won't often be "given" a token women's panel to appease us and keep us quiet any more. (It's a tradition!) Maybe. I hope. Obviously there's a whole lot of work and fighting to do inside fandom and outside it in a whole lot of other and more difficult battles, but still it feels to me as if we've achieved a certain amount of momentum.

As I said, it was a good con.

But there were some less joyful things happening, too, and I don't mean the operational hassles. The mundane world intruded a couple of times and reminded us of the immediacy of our desired for alternative institutions and relationships between women and men, and of the controversy that has been most evident in IguanaCon's history: the ERA boycott. One night early in the convention, a blind woman who had been raped was refused admittance to Phoenix General Hospital on what, apparently (according to a local newspaper's account) was a general policy. She was referred to another hospital in order to avoid involving their doctors in legal hassles.

Well, sometimes it wasn't a good time for smiling.

The memories come flooding in to me: the politics and programming, easy to write about; the fallings in love, impossible to write about; the intense, spectacular kaleidoscope of people and touching and connecting, mostly out of reach if I try all at once, "there" temporarily if I'm careful.

Jerry Kaufman remarked that the most frequent topic of conversation at a convention is, at first, how you got there, and, later, how little sleep you've gotten; but at this convention people were referring to how strong out they were from the first. Having driven straight through from Madison, I was certainly among those who were constantly fighting such wasteful impulses as sleepiness after only 36 (or 48, or...) hours awake. Maybe that accounts for my inability to connect things, to remember what happened first or next.

There was, I remember, a gorgeous, huge art show, which was honored for the first time in WorldCon history during the Hugo ceremonies, with publicly awarded trophies to its artists, largely in response to Vincent DiFate's and other artists' lobbying for this welcomed new tradition. We were all ecstatic when it was announced that Steven Vincent Johnson, a Madison artist, had won an award for the show's best amateur SF art. Responding to Loren MacGregor's enthusiasm for Wendy Rose's work, I found myself really impressed with her beautiful paintings, many of them of Indian women. And, too, I still laugh remembering Mike Stein's hysterical *Juanes* 2 piece

("Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Be Serious... *Jaws 2*", with a picture of C3PO and R2D2 riding a sand vehicle with the hood of a Jawa looming monstrously behind them).

There was Jane Hawkins anxiously waiting for the art show to open so she'd know the state of her next month's financial situation. There were hundreds of conversations in the atrium or in hallways: reunions with Northwest fandom and Bay fandom. There was the ~~admitted~~ humor of Canadian jokes with my groupie, David Vereschagin. There were the pool-liberation parties and Susan Wood's delivery of her academic paper to the rest of us "liberators" at one of them. (There were the pools themselves, which seemed to have been built for people who don't like to swim—the Hyatt pool was 3'6" at its deepest, the Adams pool 5'.) There was some collaboration with other artists (Stu Schiffman, Jim Young, David Vereschagin), which for me is still sort of scary, still very much a new thing to try. But I'm liking it a lot.

There was Chelsea Quinn Yarbro going around looking quizzical and not at all believing it when people said they "loved" *False Dawn*. She'd inquire about their masochistic tendencies and suggest that maybe a different description of their appreciation might be more appropriate. (*False Dawn* ranks next to Alice Sheldon's "The Screwfly Solution" on the scale of depressing futures.) There was the wonderful surprise of Joan Vinge's winning the Hugo for her novelet, "Eyes of Amber", and sadness that Herb Varley didn't win one this year, and too, that Vonda McIntyre's "Aztecs" had lost.

And there was IguanaCon's Guest of Honor, Harlan Ellison. His availability and the sheer amount of his participation/performance were, as they say, well worth the price of admission. The best pre-published part of his schedule, the roast, was the least enjoyable, due mostly to the ever-long, often uninspired speeches of the roasters. Regardless of the occasion, however, Ellison was always the center of any programming event he participated in—twice eclipsing his "interviewer", Gay Miller, and later, Jeff Frane, who was supposed to have been involved in a "dialog" with Harlan. He was always entertaining and full of extraordinarily attractive energy. But where he glowed, awed, and electrified us, and (most deservedly, I think) took center spotlight was during his readings of his script for *I, Robot*. If that movie is made the way Ellison wrote it, it will be the epitome of SF in film; unfortunately, given Hollywood politics and economics, it will also be a miracle. Ellison gets the spotlight for being a showman. He keeps it because he is an artist. *I, Robot* is beautiful, and Ellison's adaption of Asimov's work has conferred humanity upon its subject. If you heard Ellison's reading and felt this way, write to the people in power and tell them.⁴ If we can make a difference and get this film produced, I'd hate to find out only after it's too late to do anything.

Outside the crowded programming rooms, in a corridor, I enjoyed a wonderful interlude with Debbie Notkin in which we "clicked" in our discussion of inspiration as experienced by a visual artist or writer, and then continued this "clicking" in the women's room as this conversation went on for me with Loren MacGregor. Another time, a group of us danced to radio disco in Jane Hawkins' and my room because we couldn't find anyplace else to dance, and another time we listened to Loren play guitar and sing. Then, in a Mexican restaurant near the convention hotels,

⁴Frank Wells or Robert Shapiro
Warner Brothers, Inc.
4000 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, CA 91505
(213)843-6000

John Berry and I talked about our-beginnings in fandom. There were the long halls, pleasant corners, patios at dawn, and countless sitting places where it seemed there was always someone else to say hello to, to hug, till the last moment of goodbyes, and I still wasn't satisfied, still hadn't seen enough friends.

* * *

We've got a rather pressing need to have this issue out in good time. That pressing reason is WisCon. WisCon 3 is scheduled for February 2-4, 1978, which means that the WisCon issue of *Janus-cum-program* book has to be laid out and to press by mid-January, which means that we have to start putting the next issue together tomorrow. So by the time you read this, we still may be accepting ideas and input, but please hurry!

* * *

That's all for now. I hope I will have seen some of you at WindyCon. And, until next time, Merry Christmas. ☺

Jeanne



PERSEPOLIS AND ME

Hey, let's go look at some ancient city
Don't you know that's where I want to be
Those ancient ruins, they really thrill me
There's so much that you can do and see.

The crumbled pillars of abandoned plazas
Nobody left but *touristas* and grazing sheep
No thrilling pulsing center of urban culture
Now it's just a playground that we can keep.

Hey, let's drive out to some ancient city
And see things like they might have been
Buildings in new towns they look not so pretty
Let's go out and see what coulda been
It's an
Easy decision after you
Get tired of our new cities
Let's get some dope and
Stay there all day
I'm not so fond of the countryside
Still there must be some place where
we can hide.

Hey, let's drive out to some ancient city
And see things like they might have been
Buildings in new towns they look pretty shitty
Let's go out and see what coulda been
It's an
Easy decision when you
Get tired of our new cities
Let's get some dope and
Call it a day
I'm not so fond of the countryside
Still there must be a place where we
we can hide.

—Tom Murn

EDITORIAL⁶



JANICE BOGSTAD

I have recently stumbled upon a manifestation that, with a little careful attention, could develop into a full-blown phenomenon. It has come to my attention that women authors are being represented among the new SF novels and anthologies being published with an ever increasing frequency. I wasn't sure why this fact was jumping to my attention after over 20 years of SF reading on my part, so I performed a little experiment to answer some of the questions which follow.

When I first became aware of the feeling that more women were gaining access to publication avenues, I thought that this could be coming to my attention (1) because I myself am more sensitive to women writers or to the general problem of underrepresentation of women in the arts, (2) because there are more SF novels being published now than in the '50s and '60s, although women writers appear in the same proportion as before, or (3) because the very vocal minority of feminist women authors had made the manifestation seem more impressive than it was. The results of a simple informational experiment led me to believe otherwise and to embark upon a more lengthy investigation to verify my impression.

My simple experiment indicated that there really is a larger number—and a larger proportion—of women SF writers being published than ever before, and at this point I would date the beginning of the phenomenon at about 1970. My experiment was to sit down a few days ago and, without too much effort, come up with the names of 40 female SF writers, a list which I have been able to increase with the assistance of a few friends so that it now stands at almost 50. I divided them up into two groups according to how long I had been acquainted with their works or whether I knew that they had first been published before 1970, using that as an informal cutoff date. From my own knowledge, it seems that less than 15 of them were published before 1970, and those 15 include Tiptree/Sheldon, Russ, and Le Guin, whose works are not much older than that. Modern SF, which has been around since the '30s, has only in the past few years published the works of women writers in any quantity. That's a pretty astounding situation, considering the excellence of the women writers who have come into the field in the past five years or so. It's also interesting with regard to some of the setbacks that feminism is experiencing in society at large.

The experiment provided me with a little more empirical evidence for a feeling that I've had since becoming intensely interested in the relationship between the feminist movement and the science-fiction community. I intend to pursue my initial impressions so that, at some time in the near future, I can say exactly when most of the women on my list were first published and what proportion they represent of the field in general. I am including the list at the end of this editorial in case anyone wants to get involved in this project or just simply add some names to that list.

Another interesting impression that I have concerning the newer authors is that many of them are feminist, at least on a primary level. I consider them feminist if their writing displays a certain sort of reaction to the world around them. If these writers display a willingness to deal with women as central characters in their works, if they credit women with qualities of personal strength (such as self-sufficiency, inventiveness, creativity, and intelligence), if they create characters who experiment openly with alternate life-styles, and if they place an emphasis on equal interactions between men and women in alternate political and social structures (especially those which encourage a different balance of power between the sexes, allowing increased individual development and freedom), then I consider them to have displayed a basic feminist consciousness in their work. Of the 50-odd names I came up with, roughly half are feminist according to this definition. But, as you can tell from that definition, I associate feminism with a better developed social consciousness also. Thus the same sort of claim cannot be made in any sense—sociopolitical or feminist—for the majority of newer (or older) male SF writers. The militaristic and conservative bent of most male SF authors is almost a cliché. Such enlightened souls as Delany, and, more recently, Varley, are the exceptions rather than the rule.

I think that the high level of political and social awareness on the part of women writers of SF is due to the strictures with which they have had to operate in order to see publication at all. Making a success of a career in writing SF is just as difficult for women as in any other field dominated by men. A woman has to decide between alternatives for dealing with a set of assumptions about literature that may not correspond to her experiences as a woman. She must either become a female man, trying to imitate the interests, style, and orientation of males successful in the field, or, focusing rather on her own experiences, try to develop her own style, often without any viable models from the literary field she is trying to enter. Since her experiences in this society are usually radically different from those of men, her writing of necessity is either imitative or different also.

One of the ways I am going to follow this phenomenon is through interviews with women writers that will be appearing in the next few issues of *Janus*. Most of the interviews were done at the last worldcon in Phoenix. Of course, Suzy McKee Charnas and John Varley will be represented in the WisCon issue of *Janus* as they are our GoHs for this year, but the others, including two from Debbie Notkin on the West Coast, will be a part of the magazine in future issues and also a part of our general feminist approach to science fiction.

One of the factors uppermost in my mind during the interviews was the realization that these authors either had not been interviewed at all or else inter-

views with them had not appeared as widely or as frequently as interviews with male writers. It may be true that the oft-interviewed Silverberg, Asimov, Dickson, Heinlein, or Ellison are better known than Octavia E. Butler, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Marta Randall, Elizabeth Lynn, Jo Clayton, or Joan Vinge, but the frequency of interviews alone accounts for part of that fact. How often do you read interviews with young women writers? Not very damn often, right?

Janus, a feminist-oriented fan publication, has another mission. To whatever extent we can, we will try to make sure that these women writers, and other individuals who want to get involved in the relationship between feminist issues and SF, have a forum in *Janus*. I hope that this will be useful to the feminist community and fandom in general by helping us to become acquainted with each other and to interact in a manner that will aid us in combatting the harmful effects of the megalithic patriarchal culture in which we all, unfortunately, live.

I will be actively seeking ways to document the manifestation that gave rise to this editorial. One way involves the creation of an annotated bibliography of women SF writers. The taped interviews begun at worldcon will be extended at WisCon. And I've submitted an initial grant proposal that could become a more effective form of documenting the phenomenon. Here is an excerpt from the proposal:

My proposed project involves the production of video and audio tapes of interviews with and readings by newly published women writers.... As I am in contact with several people who have audio and video experience, this technical part of the grant proposal could be facilitously administered both in terms of a work sample and a long-term project. There is already a community of women interested in SF scholarship in Wisconsin, many associated with the UW at Madison and Milwaukee. It seems eminently possible that a bibliography of works of all women SF writers could be developed as part of this project.

I would like to document the experiences of newly published women SF writers for several reasons. First, I think that the experiences of these women with the publishing industry may have parallels in other fields of publication and other endeavors involving women. I would like to approach the problem of recording their experiences from an individualistic, literary, and humanistic perspective, and the material would also be available for further study by scholars with a different perspective. Second, I would like to document the relationship these writers feel they have to the feminist community and to women in general. For example, are they aware of a relationship between feminist activity and their own accessibility to print media? This sort of presentation could make a general audience aware of the relationship between theoretical issues of feminism and their effects on individual lives, and on institutions such as the publishing industry.

There are several reasons why I think that the video and audio tapes produced would be an important contribution to the academic and non-academic communities. First, there is the informational aspect of such a project. One prominent male SF writer, editor, and professor of English, James Gunn, has established an archive of SF and fantasy writers, including movies and audio tapes. As the field has so long been dominated by men, this archive mainly represents male writers. My proposal could result in an alternate archive. These already established audio-visual archives have been a source of educational material for high-school and college courses in science fiction, fantasy, and related areas, as well as of interest to the

general SF-reading community. The SF group in Madison has been called upon by public libraries, high schools, and college professors to provide them with material relating to science-fiction and fantasy literature. Tapes resulting from such a project could be used for such groups, and could also be broadcast through the state on public-access cable video systems. Audio tapes would be available to educational and public-access radio stations throughout the country. Access to these materials would be of great assistance to Wisconsin SF scholars and to others interested in the field, especially as they would provide a view of the other side of SF literature, the literature written by women....

Whether the grant is approved or not, I believe this to be a worthy project, and I hope to interest other individuals in this or similar projects, as our goal is information and enlightenment rather than individual personal accomplishment. Your comments and offers of assistance would be much appreciated.

Here is my preliminary list of women SF authors:

Leigh Brackett	Katherine MacLean
Marion Zimmer Bradley	Anne McCaffrey
Mildred Downey Broxon	Vonda McIntyre
Octavia E. Butler	Patricia McKillip
Suzy McKee Charnas	Judith Merril
C. J. Cherryh	C. L. Moore
Jo Clayton	Raylyn Moore
Miriam Allen DeFord	Andre Norton
Sonya Dorman	Diana Paxson
Phyllis Eisenstein	Rachel Cosgrove-Payes
Susan Elgin	Doris Piserchia
Carol Emshwiller	Marta Randall
Sylvia Louise Engdahl	Joanna Russ
Cynthia Felice	Margaret Saint Clair
Janie Gaskell	Pamela Sargent
Zenna Henderson	Josephine Saxton
Joan Hunter Holly	Jody Scott
H. M. Hoover	Kathleen Sky
Gail Kimberly	James Tiptree Jr./
Katherine Kurtz	Raccoona Sheldon
Alice Laurance	Sydney J. Van Scyoc
Tanith Lee	Joan D. Vinge
Ursula K. Le Guin	Cherry Wilder
Jacqueline Lichtenberg	Kate Wilhelm
Elizabeth A. Lynn	Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Janie Marie Katrina Bogsted

FAMOUS BEANIES OF MONSTERLAND, PART 1

Dracula Beanie (from the collection of the Rumanian National Museum)



FAMOUS BEANIES OF MONSTERLAND, PART 2

Frankenstein Lightning Beanie (courtesy of Ingostadt Chamber of Commerce)



FAMOUS BEANIES OF MONSTERLAND, PART 3

Invisible Beanie (courtesy of the estate of H. G. Wells)

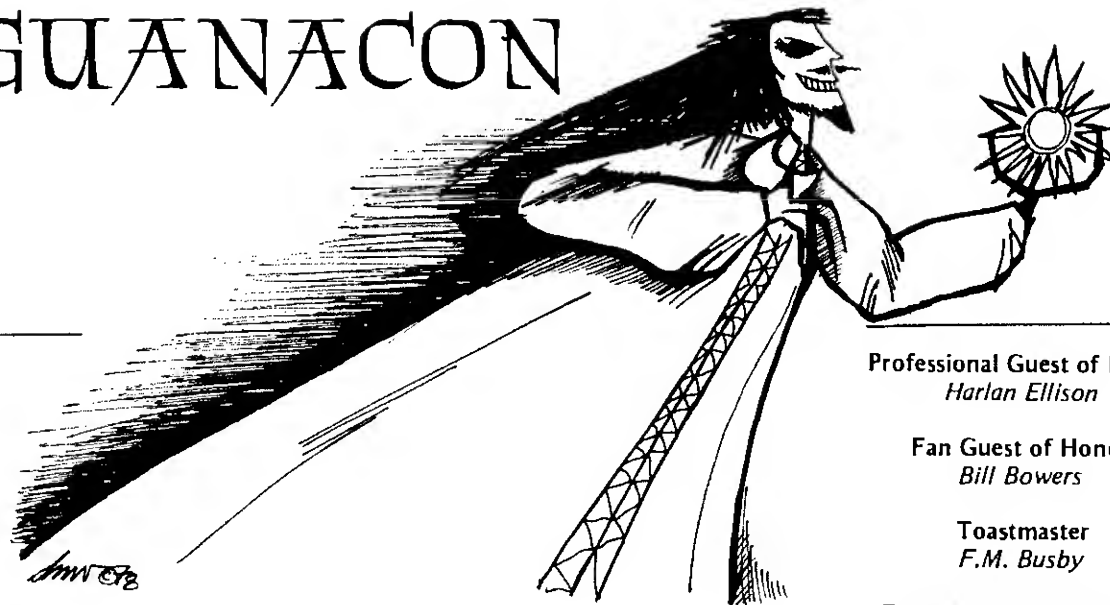


FAMOUS BEANIES OF MONSTERLAND, PART 4

Mummified Beanie (found in tomb of Anksenahmen; note tana-leaf spinner; courtesy of Cairo Museum)



IGUANACON



Professional Guest of Honor
Harlan Ellison

Fan Guest of Honor
Bill Bowers

Toastmaster
F.M. Busby

European Guest of Honor
Josef Nesvadba

30 Aug. - 4 Sept. 1978

Hugo Hassles

by Jane Hawkins

There has been controversy for years over the fanzine Hugos. Both *Locus* and *Algol* have now withdrawn themselves. I think something is seriously out of whack. While I appreciate the move Brown and Porter have made, is it really any more fair for them to go from pitting their circulation of thousands against circulations of hundreds to competing against circulations of tens of thousands? Sure, they've gotten plenty of Hugos, but I can't see this change as being basically more logical.

I am sure this has been suggested many, many times before, but I think we need more zine categories. There is precedent for increasing categories. For the first 10 years Hugos were given, there was an average of 2½ fiction categories. During the next 10 years, the average number of fiction Hugos given was nearly 3. Four fiction Hugos have been given every year since 1973. It might be argued that this increase in fiction Hugos represents a sort of Hugo inflation. I don't think so. The number of writers producing quality science fiction has increased over the years. Also, fiction of different lengths is very often attempting different kinds of things.

In a similar fashion, it is obvious that fanzines and prozines are attempting something different. Just as the Hugo committees very early acknowledged the difference between short stories and novels, different categories for fanzines and prozines were recognized as reasonable. We now have a situation where gradations between the short story and the novel are recognized, but not between the fanzine and the prozine. The shady area between fanzines and prozines is now too crowded to ignore further. We must take some kind of action to resolve the problem. Beautiful and praiseworthy zines on both sides of the line are not getting the recognition they deserve.

How might one set up further zine categories? I reject divisions based on the content and finances as being too complicated. Fandom could spend years debating those issues without ever coming to a reasonable conclusion. I think the heart of this issue is circulation and that new categories should be set up

based on just that. I'd bet that a brief study of zine circulations would reveal three or four reasonable divisions, with a goodly field of contenders in each. ☺

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at Iguanacon

or

"Speakers and Panelists Please Report to the Green Room 30 Minutes Before Their Program Item Is Due To Begin"

by Perri Corrick-West

As the title indicates, my husband, Richard West, and I, felt a lot like the two title characters from Tom Stoppard's play at this last WorldCon. Like them, we were offstage (in the "green room") while the con program's participants, after joining us there, would go on to their programs while we stayed behind. The green room, (a term from theatrical parlance) was, physically, a room in the convention-staff area at the Hyatt Regency where people participating in the program could stop by to check in, relax, psyche up, organize, drink (Two free drinks were the "pay" for participating.), or whatever before being escorted to the room scheduled for their items. The green room was the responsibility of Gay Miller, who had it organized to perfection. Since Gay is a good friend of my brother, Jim Corrick (a con committee member responsible for non-fan programming and the Hugo awards), when we volunteered to help at the con, we were asked to join the green room staff.

In many ways, the green room was an area of calm in the eye of the tempest. People would come, chat for a while, and then leave for their programming items, sometimes returning later on. Meanwhile, other convention staff members would wander in and out, sometimes with information about how a particular program item was going, or sometimes with emotional accounts of yet another snafu somewhere in the convention structure. We were across the hall from the convention-operations headquarters and sometimes the rumblings from the many earthquakes taking place there could be felt even in our baliwick.

It was a very odd feeling—one of being in the center of things while at the same time being very offstage. We were in a perfect place to appreciate the extreme behind-the-scenes disorganization of the convention—which, amazingly enough, was rarely mirrored in the public convention. The convention worked because a few of the con committee worked hard (if not always wisely) and managed to erect a framework which other people arriving at the con were able to flesh out. As Ellison pointed out, worldcons are put on by amateurs—and fortunately there were lots of them who came and pitched in at the last minute with their own convention-giving expertise to help

Example one: a little-known author came storming into the green room Saturday morning, mouthing obscenities and violent and abusive language because he had been mistakenly informed in a letter from a con committee member that his book-signing session was Saturday afternoon, whereas at the con he found that it was actually scheduled for Monday. After making sure that he had thoroughly upset everyone, one woman in particular, but not having bothered to find out if any of us were responsible (We weren't, as it happens.), and certainly not waiting for any comeback, he stormed. With time, my feelings about this incident have turned to anger—not so much



out the badly beleaguered con committee.

One area that was irretrievable, however, was the film program. All the last-minute aid in the world was helpless here. One of the indirect causes for this fiasco must lie with the large number of people who decided to wait until the convention itself to buy their memberships. (Final memberships bought—nearly 7,000; people actually attending—4,200, of whom nearly 1,000 people bought their memberships at the door.) Because of the size of the advance registration, the con committee (wisely) chose not to go into debt and be dependent on a large at-the-door crowd. Thus the programming budget was cut, and the item that was cut the most was the film program. And at least once, when some important films were ordered, there being at the time no money in the treasury, no check was sent. This resulted in the films not being sent. Aside from lack of early money, this situation also illustrates the extreme lack of communication which was probably the prime downfall of the con committee—both the ones who had resigned and the ones who hadn't.

To return to the green room, one of the enjoyable aspects of green-room duty was the chance to talk with or simply observe the various well-known participants while they were relaxed and "offstage". At one point, the room was full of the five "What Does It Take To Sell?" panelists, hashing out what they wanted to talk about and the order in which they wanted to say it, while in the corner was Harlan Ellison, quietly chatting with the young son of a green-room staff member about the boy's collection of Matchbox cars and trucks. The green room was full of these contrasts—the wife of a speaker nursing her baby while listening to her husband conferring with the man who would be introducing him. In many ways it was as though, in the green room, we sat still and the rest of the convention went by us—it was another world, a twilight zone, almost.

When I got back to Madison, I was asked how my convention was, and my reply was always, "It had texture." By texture, I meant that there had been a rich mixture of high points and low points. Some of the low points grew out of this "backstage" feeling of the staff area. Certain pros and other supposedly well known people took advantage of not being directly under the eyes of their adoring fans and other people they wished to impress to throw temper tantrums and verbally abuse the con staff about trivial and/or nonexistent problems.

at this guy in particular but at the general tendency of insecure bastards (men usually, but women sometimes) to lash out in anger at those they perceive as vulnerable (never mind whether deserving or not) and thus, presumably, making themselves feel bigger by having made others feel smaller. (Much later, this author "apologized" to the woman who was the chief target of his attack. That she accepted this "apology" is perhaps more a sign of her extreme good nature than of any indication of remorse and/or embarrassment on his part for having made such a gross display of himself over such a trivial and easily corrected misunderstanding. At the time, I promised the woman not to mention this guy's name—a promise I now regret.

Example two: Jerry Pournelle, having been told by one of the Symphony Hall's regular ushers that he could not take his drink into the auditorium, turned on a female con-staff member standing nearby who, having made the mistake of saying, "I'm sorry," to Pournelle, was treated to obscene, abusive, derogatory language. This, I am given to understand, is typical of Pournelle.

Example three: Mrs. Ben Bova became emotionally upset because at the art show she (along with everyone else) was asked to have her purse bagged. (Bagging was a security measure at the art show—all cameras, purses, books, etc. were stapled into a large paper sack which the owner then could keep while looking through the show. All the artists I talked to thought it was a good idea.) When no special allowances were made for her by the security guards at the art show (They've never heard of Ben Bova, let alone of his wife.), she came storming over to the operations room complaining bitterly about being required to have her purse bagged. While neither obscene, violent, nor abusive (Do I detect a cultural sex difference here?), Mrs. Bova stated that (a) she was the wife of Ben Bova, (b) she was honest, wasn't she?, (c) she and her husband buy lots of art, and (d) although she didn't take any of this personally, she disapproved of the art show bagging on principle. She demanded that a con-committee member come and escort her and Bova through the art show—unbagged.

These three incidents happened in my immediate vicinity. As there was nothing particularly special about my vicinity, I suspect that lots of incidents like these take place behind the scenes all the time. The perpetrators of scenes like these have no hesitation because they feel safe. Usually their victims feel unreasonably guilty and, if any-

thing, are anxious to make amends. In all three cases, the con committee went out of its way to conciliate, not the victims, but the perpetrators. As con-committee members, perhaps they felt they were obliged to smooth over the wrath of VIPs—no matter how unjustified or childish that wrath was. I think this is a mistake. There is no reason that I can see for science fiction's personalities to be treated as so many privileged aristocrats. Let us not fool ourselves into thinking that writers, artists, and other "os" get no benefit from the free public exposure they get at conventions.

Well, those were some of the low points—there

base of Lake Roosevelt looks something like the piles of mud with which we would block the rain gutter when we would water the lawn. I suppose that on a time proportional to the speed and height at which we were flying, the dam will last about as long as ours did. Till some great foot opens the path for the water again.

I go to conventions with people and to be with people. At Phoenix, I was the most social that I have ever been. Fandom is something that you grow through your adolescences in. I am told that for many, fandom is a way of life. For me, since I did not go to my first convention until I was 30, it is a place to



were also some really good high points to the convention. One of my favorites was the Hugo Award presentation. Since Jim was Hugo chairman, I asked to help backstage with the awards. The rocket ships of the Hugos had to be bolted to their bases and this was done at the last minute to help preserve secrecy. So, as Harlan Ellison was giving his GoH speech, Richard and I were backstage (again!) helping Jim and Gay assemble all the Hugos and Gandalf awards. Talk about a cheap power trip: no one else in the audience knew yet! So when Busby started the awards segment of the program, I was feeling blasé and smug. This mood lasted until Kelly Freas announced the art-show award winners and our own Steven Vincent Johnson won one of the major prizes. (The shriek that may have been heard from backstage at that point was mine. Fortunately, I didn't drop the award I was in the process of transferring to Gay, who then took it out to Freas to give to Steve. I then went back and Richard (who was guarding the Hugos) and I danced around in our excitement. Because of the surprise, that was the most thrilling moment of the evening for me, even though I was pleased about some of the other winners.

Despite the length of this report, it has covered only a little of all the memorable things that happened to me and around me at WorldCon. I really enjoyed the rapport of the green-room staff, I liked meeting all of the pros (most of whom are even nicer offstage than on), and I enjoyed the feeling of being one of the many who helped pull IguanaCon back from chaos. There will be the inevitable few who hated it all, also the many (including myself) who hated aspects of it, but on the whole it was, I think, a good con. I've been to worldcons in the past and I'll no doubt be going to ones in the future, but this one I saw from the other side—the insider's side—and for all the hassles, it was worth it. ☺

Samurai Eats Iguana

by Philip Kaveny

"Some see Phoenix rising up from the sand. I see only ashes."

This is how I looked at things when I was in my early 20s. Now I am in my mid-30s, and I hope that I have gotten out of that particular philosophical blind canyon. From 37,000 feet in altitude, big things look very small. For example, the dam at the

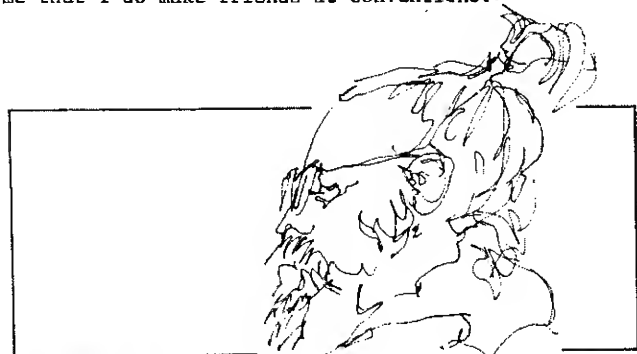
watch people and hopefully find someone to talk with who shares my rather obscure interests. I was lucky at this convention, finding someone who had heard of (but not read) *The Social History of Art* by Arnold Hauser. Perhaps next time I may run into a fellow zeppelin expert.

I did something at this convention which I hardly ever do. I sat quietly as my partner interviewed an author. It was a real gas. After a while, it was as if I were part of the furniture, perhaps even invisible.

We never really got out into the desert at Phoenix, but we were taken to the site of a pre-Columbian culture which flourished at the time of the high Middle Ages. The climate was much different before the river and the dam sucked all the water out of the valley, we were told.

I am left with a few associations. To Hope Liebowitz: if you go to see *Animal House*, I will refund the purchase price of the ticket, up to \$2.50. You can think of yourself as the guest of Senator Blutarsky. And to my new buddy, Chris, let's hope that art history's loss will be my gain. I will spend a long time wondering what happens when you turn questions of definition and quality over to a computer. I will not say any more about that for now, but I think that I will threaten everyone who knows me with an article on this topic fairly soon.

It's funny, but as I write this, it occurs to me that I do make friends at conventions. ☺



Phil "Samurai" Kaveny

Liquorcon

by Clifford R. Wind

The 36th World Science Fiction Convention will for me always bring to mind liqueurs, sweet and flavorful liqueurs.

The first liqueur, to be precise, I had at BoniCon, the weekend before Iggy. A fine appetizer was Albuquerque's 10th convention, like the tasty stuffed mushrooms at the pre-con party given by Mike Kring and Marilyn Savitt. (Marilyn and Mike, I dub thee both Nice People, and thank you publicly for



putting me up, and putting up with me.) That was Thursday night, with several hours of more than pleasant conversation with Stephen R. Donaldson, Roy and Chrystal Tackett, Sal di Maria, and others, as well as an explanation from Dick Patten of how he had gotten financing to buy his own house from himself. Friday night was Eric Lindsay's peach brandy, conversation with Marilyn (Mike spent that night, and most of the con, in bed with a fever.), watching cars go the wrong way on freeway ramps, discussing the sacrilegious nature of CEOTK with Doris the Younger Beetem, and much more. Saturday night was my Seattle in '81 bidding party with (of course) Irish coffee, as well as Eric Lindsay's mint vodka, my own liqueur bought on sale, amiable rivalry with the Denver bidding people, conversation with Doris the Elder Beetem, getting caught in the crossfire of tracergunfire (the last major programming for the day), listening to a fascinating and very likeable C. J. Cherryh, and having French toast at 4:00 a.m. at HoJo's. Sunday evening was the end of the convention, with carloads unloading at a Mexican restaurant with a roving violinist who played GoH Gordon Dickson's requests, but not before playing the theme from *Star Wars* to a very solid round of applause. Oh, yes, the liqueur was chocolate raspberry, and was rather nice.

IguanaCon began with an old friend, Drambuie, and older friend, Frank Denton, as we sat and sipped and talked with whichever of the first-night arrivals came by. From then on, the memory blurs. I spent four hours of every day as a roving troubleshooter, wandering about with a walkie-talkie in my ear. I do remember meeting eight members of the Anlara Science Fiction Club of Norway and tasting akvavit. I remember, with no particular order, completeness, or accuracy, conversations with Paul Stevens, Gil Gaier, Jeanne Gomoll, John D. Berry, Jane Hawkins, Loren MacGregor, Bob Doyle, Becky Bennett, John Thompson, James Dean Schofield, artist James Wolf, the very nice (and still important) Dena Brown, Stephen Donaldson, Suzle Thompkins, Fred Haskell, and others while sipping a banana liqueur. (I'd been leery of that one—but no longer.) I remember discovering a strawberry liqueur and True Happiness. I spent much of my time on a couple of evenings simply sharing sips of that delightful drink with others, including Frank Denton, Fred Haskell, Stu Schiffman, and some stranger next to me at the bar. It was a joy to behold the big happy grin that more often than not slowly spread

across the taster's face. I remember a hamburger at Wendy's, a sandwich at the juice bar next to Arby's, a luncheon buffet atop the city with Anna Vargo, a flaming shishkabob from a waitress who had never done one—and would rather not do it again—a search for Greek food with Tony Peppin and M. David Johnson stepping on each other's punch lines that ended at a disco that served hamburgers, and pizza with Joyce Scrivener and Midge. Ah, Midge, my apologies for forgetting your name, and my thanks for introducing me to Amaretto di Saronno, a truly fine liqueur. It was Amaretto in its funny bottle that I carried

about from Saturday on, from the Seattle in '81 bidding party with its (of course) Irish coffee, fresh raw vegetables, popcorn, and salmon to the dead-dog parties Monday, with Vera Johnson filksinging in the hall.

Though I slept five hours or more most nights, and saw no programming besides the art auction (at which local and relatively new artists Victoria Poyser and William R. Warren did so well), I was, by the end of the con, tired. On Monday, while listening to the static in my ear, someone asked me whether or not the site selection had been announced. I could have sworn that he asked whether the sex lecture had been announced.

I was tired, but I could have kept on for much longer. As I rode the elevator down to check out on Tuesday, a young woman turned to me and said, "I guess it's back to being ordinary people again."

I was tired, but satisfied. The taste of the 36th World Science Fiction Convention for me was chocolate, raspberry, Drambuie, banana, strawberry, and Amaretto di Saronno. And the flavor was... magnificent. ☺

Dr. Vuts, MHD, but not MCP

In which the insidious Dr. Eyx W. Vuts, MHD, applies logic to a heady experience and does not come away empty-handed. We hope the doctor is not empty-headed also.

by Jon Singer

[As a last-minute draftee to the MCP panel at IguanaCon, I was gratified to learn that it had a profound positive effect on at least one member of the audience. Here's what he has to say about it. —JAN BOGSTAD]

Susan Brownmiller has said words to the effect that in this society men rape women, and that all men benefit from this, while all women are oppressed. In my head, this instantly divides ("*Gallia omnia divisa est...*") into an obvious three parts, with which I will deal one at a time. Not in order.

(1) In this society men rape women. I don't see how there can be very much argument about this. I believe I have seen one report of women raping men, as opposed to something on the order of 75,000 an-

nual reported rapes of women, and Earth-mother alone knows how many not reported. Even if one man is raped every year, that's a whole great big one thousandth of one percent, and certainly not worth arguing about. (Note that I do not treat the problem of men raping men. My admittedly limited information in that the great majority of cases of this occur in prisons, and this discussion will be limited to regular society. As to women raping women, I have heard nothing.)

(3) *All women in this society are oppressed by this.* With the exception of those who don't know

If it is not sufficient to convince you, then you drive a hard bargain. What more convincing do you require? Do you want it proven that there is some positive benefit above and beyond not having to live with the fear that some monster will violate your person (not merely your personal space, but your very person⁴) and that you might even grow inside yourself a new person who is partly the same monster? I can't even get pregnant⁵, and still the very thought of this makes me ill. Your bargain is too hard for me. I suggest only that you give the matter some thought; read statements by people who



about it, OK. I would expect that few would argue, and those who would argue not be likely to be women. In the cases of those who are not aware that in this society women are raped by men, I would again be very surprised if we are talking about much more than, say a hundredth of a percent, excluding, of course, those who are variously *non compos mentis*. Now, a hundredth of a percent, in this case, while not large, may by some be considered to be significant, because a hundredth of a percent of 135 million is a much larger number than a hundredth of a percent of a hundred thousand. In this connection I have to say that I wish Brownmiller had not said "all". I am at a loss to say how someone who knows nothing of rape can be oppressed by it. Can someone help? Still, if the number is even as high as that, I'd be rather surprised.

(2) *Men derive advantage from it.* This is for me a much more difficult question. If we exclude those who perform the rapes¹ and set aside the problem of those who (again) know not of the facts, it is less obvious how the rest derive any benefit.

Certainly, however, there is one well established, if negative, point: Men in this society do not fear to walk about alone and unarmed at night, except insofar as they fear muggings and robberies. (In this respect, of course, women are not very different.² Perhaps I should have said "relative" rather than "negative". Moreover, men cannot become pregnant even if sexually assaulted. (That awaits forthcoming improvements in technology.³)

This is sufficient to convince me that Brownmiller's statement is at least generally correct.

¹I don't think I need to worry about whether they derive advantage from it. Those who believe that they do are as good as accounted for, and in any event I would think that many are not entirely of composed mind anyway.

²Many women, of course, are not trained in self-defense techniques, and are not infected with macho bullshit, and fear muggings more than do many men. That, however, is not the subject of this inquiry.

³All bad jokes about improvements in the technology of sexual assault gladly rejected.

have been raped, if words speak to you. (Note also that it is possible to die from being pregnant. Not that it happens with extreme frequency, these days, but it does happen.)

Brownmiller's statement is part of a broader characterization, which is that this society involves in its fabric the oppression of women by men. (And the oppression of kids by everybody, even sometimes by other kids.) Men have the great majority of the political, economic, and social power, and they use it. One of the things they use it for is to keep things, shall we say, copacetic. (Hah!)

Now it can be argued that, in scattered instances, women oppress other women, and similarly, that women oppress men. But, and this is a very large and obvious distinction, the oppression of men by women is individual, not societal. (The oppression of women by women is almost certainly both: e.g., Phyllis Schlafly, who is, of course, an individual, but who seems to desire the continuance of a male-dominated sexist society.) There is no argument against the statement that this society is a sexist society. (If you wish to debate the point, produce your argument for inspection.)

This brings us to the definitions of sexism, of which I recognize two, of equal importance:

(1) Men in this society are by definition sexist, because they are members of the society which is itself sexist. Sexism is here defined as a function not really of the individual, but of the society and class (if you will). The argument that women in this society must then also be sexist is neatly shot down by the fact that they are unequivocally on the receiving end. If it went both ways, OK, but it doesn't.

(2) Sexism can also be defined in an individual way: a person who, in dealings with others, treats men differently from women because of gender is a sexist. The important thing here is identifying a person as a member of a class, and dealing with the person on that basis, rather than as an individual. (Note that women can be sexist by this definition, as well as men.)

⁴I will not say "your body" because that's not the half of it. Anybody who thinks that violation is merely a physical thing is *non compos mentis*.

⁵At least, not yet. Maybe before I get too terribly old...

Now, at one time, I had a fairly hot debate in *A Women's APA* with a number of people who insisted that Definition 1 was correct. At the time, I was insisting that Definition 2 was correct. A major piece of what happened to me at the "What is an MCP?" panel at IguanaCon this year was that I decided that both definitions are correct, and both are important.

I do want to mention some pitfalls which attach to insisting on one definition to the exclusion of the other:

*Using Definition 1: "I'm not sexist. I can't be sexist. I'm a woman." The speaker, by defining herself out of trouble, permits herself the dubious

was making a point, largely to me (I had asked a question about Part 3 of Brownmiller's statement), and the point was made and taken. It remains a fact, however (and this was, I think, part of the very point I just mentioned) that a woman in this society who is invited to spend the night on an acquaintance's couch is much more likely to be pressured sexually by the acquaintance if the acquaintance is male. In case the point has been lost in all the noise, here is an instance in which a certain amount of Definition 2 sexism is indeed justified.

However, if we permit ourselves the luxury of not worrying at all about things we do which are in-



luxury of not taking care to be nonsexist in Definition 2's sense.

*Using Definition 2: "I'm not sexist. I don't treat women differently from men." Even granting the truth of the statement's second part, the speaker (a male, for this example) is a member of and participates in a sexist society which perforce oppresses women. Not a sexist?

It seems to me that as members of a sexist society, we all must be in some ways contaminated by it (Is anybody going to argue that?), and it further seems to me that one aspect of the contamination is bound to be an increased probability that we as individuals will deal with others on the basis of gender. Now, I am forced to admit that there are those occasions on which it is necessary, because of the kind of society we live in. At the panel, Avedon Carol (if I remember correctly) posed for me the hypothetical example that she might be at some time in the company of, say, myself, (considered here as "random male acquaintance") and might need a place to stay for the night. If I offer her my couch, she has to worry that, if she accepts, I will later pressure her to permit me to have sex with her. If she were to refuse, would I perhaps become abusive? Violent? Would I maybe toss her out on the street? And what if she doesn't want sex with me, but does not refuse? In some sense she then permits herself to be violated.

Granted that this is a hypothetical example, and further granted that there is also the possibility that I might very well make no advances upon her, still she has to consider it. Maybe better to carouse or otherwise remain awake all night. Probably better to seek out a female friend, who is perhaps a lot less likely to make sexual advances. (Here we get to a very tough spot. Offense is guaranteed to someone. You have my apology. There are so many other possibilities.) However, bear in mind that the specific hypothetical situation under consideration is "random acquaintance", which is to say, if I interpret Avedon correctly, someone with whom you have not previously been intimate, and whom you don't know all that well. I must note here that, while Avedon and I have not been intimate, we have known each other over a period of something like five or six years (unless memory fails me), and I was a bit upset that she drafted me into her hypothetical example. I don't really think that she would expect me to behave that way, but I do understand that she

dividually sexist, we will do such things. Likewise, if we do not worry about the fact that this society oppresses women, we perpetrate its faults. Neither is tolerable. When I finally asked the panel what they thought people should do about sexism (both kinds), they came back with the obvious answer: We must do everything we can!

It is simply not sufficient to fight one kind of sexism while ignoring the possibility that one may be not only perpetrating the other kind, but may be at the same time teaching it to others.

And that is what I learned at the "What is an MCP?" panel. ☺

How To Make Money While Losing Sleep

by Steven V. Johnson

I planned my arrival at IguanaCon for Tuesday night so that I could be rested and alert on Wednesday morning. That was when we were supposedly going to be able to set up our work in the art show. Unfortunately, when I arrived at the designated room on Wednesday, hardly anything was set up to receive artists, and inquiries as to when the situation would be remedied were met with various vague replies such as "Come back in a few hours." or "Maybe this afternoon." or "Try again at 4 p.m." This went on until Thursday afternoon at 4, when the officers were finally ready to accept an artist or two to set up the work. I myself didn't get out of the place until 9 p.m. I was totally exhausted and so hungry that my fingers shook. I don't know how I looked, but I felt pale. It was only after eating something that I was finally able to relax. Having set up my artwork, I was not permitted to re-enter the show to check up on it for some time. I was worried lest the unsteady frames some people were using had collapsed, causing artwork to be damaged. For 24 hours I was in turmoil about this situation, and that really pissed me off!

The art show itself finally opened on Friday afternoon, but only for a few hours. Art officers claimed they didn't have the human resources to keep it open to the public after 6 p.m. This also peeved several of us artists. Many convention attendees weren't able to get to the show because of scheduling conflicts or because they worked until 5 p.m.

Despite these problems, sales were brisk in

the first art auction Saturday. A lot of money changed hands, and I had the delightful experience of having a silkscreen that was originally priced at \$30.00 get bid up to \$75.00, and selling a \$20.00 print for \$100.00. The second auction, on Sunday, was much more subdued. (People may have been waiting for the Hugo and art-show awards later that evening.) As it was, the auction had to be terminated early because of conflicts with the Hugo ceremonies, another source of vexation for artists. It meant that artists whose work had suffered from under-exposure already, would lose a chance for more sales, and also that the con itself would suffer loss of the income from its percentages of these sales.

Since I had decided not to miss the Hugo awards, I cut out early to get in line outside the "palace" in the hot Phoenix evening for an hour before the Civic Center personnel admitted people. By then, I was totally lost and lucky to find Madison friends to sit with, feeling more comfortable than I had for a long while. When the presentation finally started, I was expecting to hear art-show award results, which were given out at the Hugo ceremonies for the first time that year, a much deserved recognition for artists. Of all the Hugos given out, only two go to artists, one for best fan and one for best professional. The art-show additions brought eight more awards to artists.

At the time, to tell you the truth, I was

having trouble concentrating due to lack of sleep (two hours the previous night), so when Kelly Freas came up to give out awards, I heard applause and his words only indistinctly. The strangest thing caught my attention, finally: I heard my own name mentioned and immediately my Madison friends began jumping up and down. It was then that I realized that I was supposed to go onstage to receive an award. I was so excited that it threw me totally off guard. Forcing my way through rows of people, trying not to step on toes or crush kneecaps, and all the time this weird sensation of unreality assailed me. I remember thinking that people around me probably thought I was just a gofer. How many people, I wondered, knew that there was a poor, confused iota of a figure at the back of the audience who desperately needed sleep and wasn't really sure of what he was doing, but was nevertheless threading his way to the stage to shake hands with Kelly Freas and accept an award at the podium. After my short speech of thanks, I replaced myself in my seat, somehow, and it seemed that all the nearby people were still staring at me. Thank god, most of the stares were accompanied by hearty congratulations and smiles.

I got only two hours of sleep that night also, but I think I enjoyed it more. Not many people have their second worldcon become such an exciting and rewarding experience. ☺

SORCERESS AND SLEEPING WITCH

I wish that we could love again
As freely as when
we were children ...

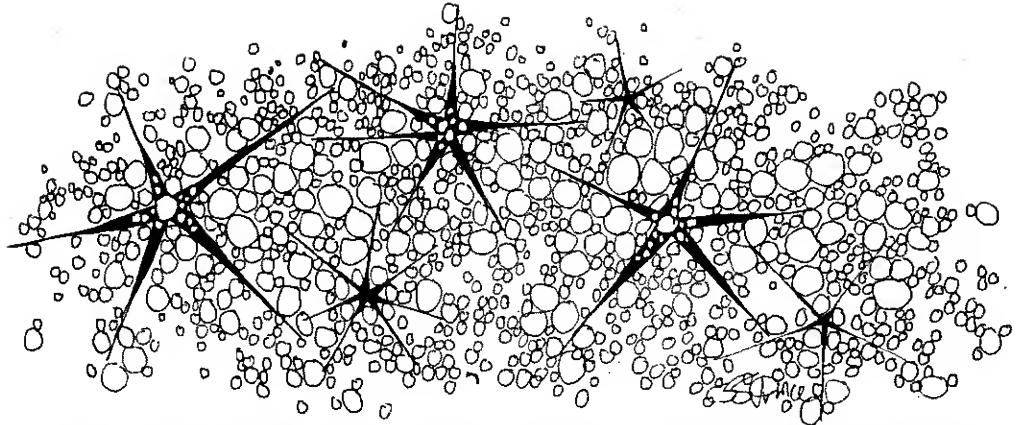
I have grown centuries older
As she lay in her tomb
My youth is spent
While she ages not year one
And how can I presume
That she could love a hag

I could be her mother now
A hundred times, or more
Her eyes will still see brightly
Though mine are tired and dim
For her, life will hold wonder
To me the burden only
breaks my shoulder and my limb
I have become a cynic
While she waits cryogenically
for me
Is there magic in this bag enough
for me

I wish that we could love again
As freely as when we were children
But I've grown centuries older
While she waits within a tomb.

-Jessica Amanda Salmonson





BOOK REVIEWS

Selected works by Marion Zimmer Bradley

The Darkover Chronology

The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever by Stephen R. Donaldson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1977)

Confessions of a Crap Artist by Philip K. Dick (Entwhistle Books, 1978)

"Tin Soldier" by Joan Vinge in *More Women of Wonder*, ed. by Pamela Sargent (Vintage, 1978)

"Eyes of Amber" by Joan Vinge in *New Women of Wonder*, ed. by Pamela Sargent (Vintage, 1977)

The Faded Sun: Kesrith by C. J. Cherryh (Nelson Doubleday, 1978)

High Rise by J. G. Ballard (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1977)

"Stardance" by Spider and Jeanne Robinson, (*Analog*, March 1977)

9 by MZB

By Janet Bellwether

Nine! Why nine? Calm yourself. Better you should ask "Nine what?" Only one is a novel, *The Shattered Chain*; one is a novella, "Falcons of Narabedla" the rest are short stories. Why these particular nine? *The Shattered Chain* is an important women's book both because of its content and because of the audience it reaches. Short stories in general and Bradley's especially aren't discussed enough. (Not to mention my being a true-blue, strung-out short-story freak.) "Falcons of Narabedla" happens to be attached to the short stories, so why not?

The Shattered Chain, for those who, for reasons best known to themselves, have still not read it, is a Darkover novel largely concerned with the Guild of the Free Amazons. Its plot centers on the rescue of a man by two women. One is a Free Amazon who has been so since adolescence, and the other is a Terran who joins the guild more or less by accident on her way to the rescue.

"Falcons of Narabedla" is a non-Darkover novella which nevertheless resembles the Darkover stories in comprising three parts rip-snorting alien sword-and-sorcery to one part Terran modern-to-futuristic influence. On Darkover this quarter is brought in through the Terran Empire's spaceport. In "Falcons of Narabedla", it takes the form of radio engineer Mike/Adric. This one features a major character whose sex is unknown until the end, when she is revealed to be a woman.

In "The Dark Intruder", a Terran shares his body with a Martian and eventually helps save the dying

Martian race. It's also a story about the evolution of said Terran's relationship with his boss, whom he starts out calling "Sir" and ends up addressing as "John". There is not a single female character in this story, including the Martian, whose sex is never mentioned but who is referred to throughout by the masculine pronoun.

"Jackie Sees a Star" is about telepathy, radiation-induced mutation, and the integration into Earth society of aliens whose native sun has gone nova. It's told with very enjoyable, nice, light humor. The only important female character in this one, the narrator, is cardboard, but that's deliberate, because it's meant to be (and is) a funny story.

In "Exiles of Tomorrow" criminals in the future are dealt with by being sent back in time. Two lovers arrange to meet in the year to which one of them is exiled, and they have the bad judgement to have a child in that era. This story's interaction takes place entirely between two men, with the history of the younger one's mother and father entering into the discussion.

"Death Between the Stars" is largely about dealing with one's own little bit of racism while trying to fight others' gross racism. It's also another body-sharing story with a happy ending. The main character of this one is a woman whose assigned crewman, for the sake of feeling her up, lets her sexless, non-humanoid cabinmate die.

"The Crime Therapist" is one of those moralistic stories for which SF is either famous or notorious, depending on how you look at it. Its main character feels that for the sake of his sanity he must have the experience of killing his wife, and it has a "surprise" ending. I read most of this story thinking.

"Dear Brigit! Another amphloid masturbation fantasy.", but the ending makes it palatable.

"The Stars are Waiting" is exactly what it sounds like—the beneficent alien Commonwealth has decided we're ready to join and offers us the stars if only we will beat our swords into plowshares. This one has a nice "The Lady or the Tiger"-like ending. Another male-club story. Not so much as a cameo for a female character.

"Black and White" is also what it sounds like, but more. Besides being about racism it's a post-

Armageddon, Eve-and-Adam story and a story about conscience and commitment. One of this story's two main characters is a woman who kills a man after he has shot her male friend and tried to rape her.

The themes, or at least elements, of all the above short stories have been written to death since the time of these stories themselves (1953-1962); I've read them in one form or another at least 13 times a piece, and I still, dammit, get chills when I finish one.

In none of these early stories are women dehumanized. They are often ignored, though. It is pleasing to see the changes from these stories' view of women to a recent novel whose protagonists are women sworn to independence from men, albeit Bradley seems in danger of dislocating her platen to get Jaelle into bed with Peter instead of with Magda.

The novel and all the short stories are at least worth a reading. ☺

An MZB Chronology

By James Andrew Cox

With the publication of *Stormqueen*, there are now 12 novels in the Darkover series. *Stormqueen* is the most recently published, but in the internal chronology of the fabled planet Darkover, it is Book Number 2.

I've often been asked to put the series in its proper sequence, so here it is (at least until the next book comes out):

- (1) *Darkover Landfall* (DAW)
- (2) *Stormqueen* (DAW)
- (3) *The Shattered Chain* (DAW)
- (4) *The Spell Sword* (DAW)
- (5) *The Forbidden Tower* (DAW)
- (6) *Star of Danger* (Ace)
- (7) *The Winds of Danger* (Ace)
- (8) *The Bloody Sun* (Ace)
- (9) *The Heritage of Hastur* (DAW)
- (10) *The Planet Savers* (Ace)
- (11) *The Sword of Aldomes* (Ace)
- (12) *The World Wreckers* (Ace)

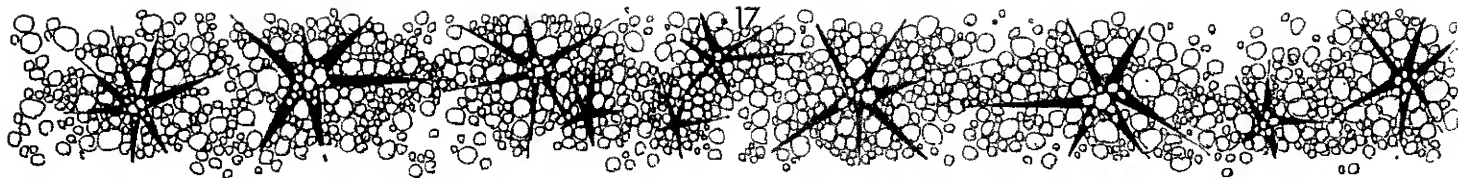
There will be many more Darkover novels in this series. The next one is rumored to be set in the "Ages of Chaos" early in the chronology. Bradley has written the stories in a most erratic fashion and wholly out of order, and they've been published that way ever since 1962 in the same topsy-turvy manner. It's a reflection of her skill as a writer that the books lock into each other so very well.

One of the special charms for me as a reader is to watch the development of Bradley as a writer. The earliest novels were action-oriented. (I believe *Star of Danger* was originally marketed as juvenile SF.) The later books, especially *The Shattered Chain* and *Stormqueen*, are sophisticated adult SF entertainments comparable to the best in American SF today. *The Shattered Chain* was a 1978 Hugo nominee. *Stormqueen* has the distinction of being written as a direct result of Bradley being besieged by fans pleading for a Darkover novel set in the aforementioned "Ages of Chaos". It is filled with drama, Darkovian lore, and finely drawn characters with whom the reader is compelled to feel involved.

Read any of the Darkover novels, especially the later DAW titles, and you run a high risk of being drawn into the irresistible urge to track down all the others.

I know I was. ☺





Beyond Disbelief

By Douglas Barbour

The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever,
by Stephen R. Donaldson. New York: Holt Rinehart
& Winston, 1977.

- (1) Lord Foul's Bane (2) The Illearth War
(3) The Power That Preserves

* * *

Stephen R. Donaldson's epic fantasy trilogy, *The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever*, seeks to break new ground in the genre; & indeed, it accomplishes this to a degree. A Tolkien-like fantasy insofar as the essential "historical" situation of "the Land"—with its noble leaders battling to preserve it against the evil (& essentially utterly deadly—ecologically wasting) attacks of Lord Foul the Despiser, the very principle of despite—can be seen to derive from that of Middle-earth, it departs from Tolkien in two major ways. The first could be said to be "modernist" in content: Thomas Covenant, upon whom the eventual outcome of the great war to preserve the Land depends, is an almost archetypically 20th Century anti-hero, a man of "our" world broken by the losses engendered by his suffering leprosy—loss of wife & child, loss of livelihood, loss of human place in his society. The second deviation from Tolkien can be seen as structurally regressive: where Tolkien (& Le Guin or McKillip, for example) create a whole world which we enter as we open the book, Donaldson starts "realistically" in "our" world & then transports his protagonist (& us) to the magic world of fantasy that is the Land (& by this play intimates his own final unwillingness to suspend disbelief in that world)—shades of E. R. Burroughs.

"The Land" is an interesting place, however, & while I doubt Donaldson could create its *Silmarillion*—no one has created as full an historical world as Middle-earth—he has managed to invent a convincing historical context for the half-century of strife in the Land which is the subject of his trilogy. The basic values which the Lords of Revelstone, the Lords of the Land, seek to preserve are values of pastoral ecology: if possible the Land should remain a vision of pastoral beauty & innocence. The most difficult & dangerous thing for those in power to do, however, is transcend despair in their worst moments of fear: this is something each will have to face at various times during the 47 years of battle which follow Thomas Covenant's first appearance in the Land. It's especially difficult because one of the greatest Lords of the past did give in & nearly destroyed the Land forever in the so-called "devastation" in which he hoped also to bring Lord Foul low but failed.

Covenant is brought to the Land by Lord Foul (& perhaps sent there by a force for good, but this god cannot in any way use him) to introduce a possible hope in the Lords while at the same time eventually causing them all to despair even more completely than they had previously thought possible. Covenant's wedding ring is white gold, the metal of "wild Magic" in the Land, a magic beyond even the control & power of Lord Foul, & if he can use that "wild magic" to fight Foul, Covenant could save the Land. But Covenant is a leper & though the power of the Land physically cures him while he's in it, he refuses to believe in it. He is a leper who is dreaming the whole thing as an escape fantasy; it's not real, his sanity depends upon that. So in his unbelief he

shares in many adventures, quests for power & knowledge, & makes the acquaintance & even sometimes friendship of many of the Land's people. Lord Mhoram—perhaps more than anyone else the Land's major protagonist in the story—Foamfollower the Giant, Bannor the Bloodguard, & others have their stories too & Donaldson does them justice, yet through it all Thomas Covenant, wretched, moves to wreak loss & pain by his inability to act & his great ability to warp others in their acts, in order to avoid committing himself to personal positive action against Lord Foul.

At the end of each volume, Covenant is returned to "our" world but he's called back, the first time 40 years on, the second time a few years later. During that time the Land is ravaged, the ordinary people are killed, savaged & ruined with the Land (epic fantasy is an upper class literature in this respect: the masses exist only to obey the orders of their leaders & be killed fighting the evil or simply by the evil having its way as it conquers some part of the good place the fantasy is set in; here, for example, during *The Illearth War*, the Warmark leads his army so far so fast that fully a third die before it even reaches the battleground where at least half the remainder fall, & all this simply to draw the enemy's unnatural forces into a trap. I suppose you either accept this fact or give up on high fantasy, but is this the only choice open to us? Surely the question can be raised: must there be great wars & practically no human eroticism in such works? Perhaps that's two questions. At any rate I don't believe this must be so but the question is too vexing to explore in a review.). Covenant's own daughter, the result of a rape he committed during his first few days in the Land, is High Lord during his second visit but she, having fallen in love with him (why?) & then been turned towards impossible hopes by his desire to avoid committing himself to battle with Foul, falls through despairing hubris into Lord Foul's hands. Finally, of course, Covenant, even he, is driven to fight for the Land he cannot fully believe in yet desperately needs to. At the same time, Mhoram, now High Lord & driven to the brink of despair, discovers how to forge strength out of potential disaster. The Land is saved, if at tremendous cost & after extreme destruction has been visited upon it, & Covenant returns to Earth with a new sense of self gained by finally fighting the very concept of despite (yes, the whole thing is a kind of symbolic cure). Of course we are relieved, but the manner by which he actually defeats Foul when he finally confronts him in his fortress is, in fact, too anticlimactic to carry conviction in context: he beats this incredibly evil god-like power with the cleansing power of laughter.

Donaldson has created an epic fantasy which holds your attention on the whole. He uses the negative power of fear more than the positive power of hope, but both are present to keep suspense high. By this I mean that what we are afraid will happen happens more often than what we hope will happen: this is one specific effect of the anti-hero as protagonist. Covenant is an intriguing fantasy protagonist yes, but he's a bit too much as well: of course he must forever torture himself with his thoughts of weakness, inability, fear & sickness, but as I began to count up the number of times he reminds himself (& us) of his basic quandary as a leper I began to wish Donaldson would trust us to remember it on our own.

I guess I'm saying that Donaldson reveals his

inexperience as a writer in a number of instances of overwriting (overwriting which implies a certain lack of trust in the readers on his part). These could not only be slightly shorter & much tighter books, they could be a lot less ornate (an obvious comparison on this level, as well as that of mega-deaths, is Le Guin's *The Earthsea Trilogy*). Though his use of arcane language reveals a sincere love of language, his misuse of ordinary language reveals that he loves not wisely & not even that well & that both he & his publishers possess a lackadaisical editorial sense. I can't find a really good example of simple error at the moment, but when Covenant finally faces Lord Foul we are told that Foul's presence "reeked of attar." The implication of the phrase in context is that Foul is essentially foul-smelling, but "attar" means "essential perfume of roses," & as I don't detect irony here, this suggests to me that Donaldson thought the word sounded right & therefore did not check it out. There are many errors of this type, & many "grandiose" descriptions which are too "poetic" & reveal something of a tin ear on his part.

Against this fault must be placed the often interesting handling of character-development & change (I am thinking especially of Bannor, Foam-follower, & Mhoram) & the power of some natural descriptions (others suffer from the linguistic uncertainties mentioned above). On the other hand, although the "philosophy" of the work—a form of American humanism which tends to lead to despair because it is human-centered as, say, the Taoism in Le Guin is not (Taoism sees humanity as simply part of the process of the universe, not central to it; therefore the importance of the concept of "balance" in *Earthsea*)—is interesting, that is mostly because its presence is on the whole unconscious.

The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever is certainly head & shoulders above such a monstrosity as *The Sword of Shannara* but it is nowhere near the level of *The Lord of the Rings* or *The Earthsea Trilogy*, or, to point to a fantasy which engages us entirely through the wit & linguistic complexity of its style, Brian Aldiss's glorious *The Malacia Tapestry*. It is a pretty good read (though not I think a work to reread as those others are) & the fact that it is a first work suggests we may look forward to better work in the future from Donaldson, if he can learn from his mistakes. Let us hope so. ☉

Mainstream Dick

By Lee Carson

Confessions of a Crap Artist, by Philip K. Dick, written in 1959, hardcover collectors' edition in 1975, paperback from Entwhistle Books in 1978, with intro by Paul Williams (the fannish). \$3.95 thru Bookpeople, 2940 Seventh St., Berkeley, CA, 94710, *inter alia*.

For some obscure reason, various fen keep wanting me to review works by Philip K. Dick. Possibly it's because I have confessed to reading an egregious number of his books and apparently continue to do so. Now, Jeanne Gomoll has been exposed to my radio review of *Ubik*, but must have been distracted by Hank Luttrell cleverly splicing in the "Invisible Monster

Attacks" segment of the *Forbidden Planet* soundtrack, since she stuck me with a copy of *Crap Artist* in the hope of receiving my ruminations.

Crap Artist is billed as Dick's first non-science-fiction novel to be published. With its strong focus on character interaction and development, the book is really quite similar to the bulk of Dick's SF output. It could be considered borderline SF, along the lines of *Fail-Safe*, due to the occultist end-of-the-world motif. Although the apparition of doom functions largely as a red herring, it develops naturally from the main narrator's Shaverian obsession with Strange Disaster Erupting Unexpectedly From Within. But more significantly, that narrator, Jack Isidore, the artist of the title, is a science-fiction fan reared on Oz books and comix, who turns to *Thrilling Wonder Stories* for literary inspiration. Thus it is clear that *Crap Artist* qualifies, if not as SF, as faan fiction! Unfortunately, mundane difficulties occupy much of Jack's unwilling attention. We never get to see him go to the newstand, except to troll for rather odd porno items; much less a convention (admittedly rare in those days). The closest thing to a local fanorg is the spiritualist/UFO group that convinces him that the end is at hand. This group is not very fannish itself, but at least offers diversion, though its hopes and fears never materialize, as Dr. Asimov might have predicted.

Viewed as faan fiction, *Crap Artist* explores the timeless theme of the trials and tribulations of being a fan in an unregenerately mundane world that readily converts new knowledge into disaster. When Jack returns from the war, his family has burned his pulps and invaluable notes. Later, his sister vengefully repeats the act. His brother-in-law eventually persuades him (virtually from beyond the grave!) that his peculiar interests and pursuits are crap; Sturgeon's Law is never invoked in his defense.

As previously mentioned, Jack is reduced to hobnobbing with unreliable suburban psychics, who leave him at loose ends when the tired old world keeps rolling along. Strangely enough, there is no discussion of technology or its impact at all—no mention of the atom bomb or Sputnik. Nevertheless, I get the feeling that the bomb is a continual brooding presence behind the general selfish irrationality of the various characters. On the first page of the book, Jack begins an explanation of a creeping sense of homelessness afflicting himself and others. Why? "The answer is World War 2." The mundane reaction of his relatives and people in general seems to be



LEE CARSON

that of clinging desperately, callously, even viciously, to the simple patterns that have apparently sustained our species up to this point. Where Jack differs is in his deceptively unassuming reliance on a quasi-scientific method, rather than the more typical wallowing in emotionally futile spasms of "normality". But the semblance of rationality that surrounds Jack is largely in his own mind and impotent. Recalling the postwar miasma that Jack never does explain, one might think of Dylan's Einstein in "Desolation Row": "he went off sniffing drainpipes" and re-



citing the alphabet." Despite a promising youthful talent for the electric violin, Jack returns from the war to drift aimlessly, withdrawn, regressed, clean in his poverty but always chasing those odd trivialities that distract him from the starkly simple insanity of "real" everyday life as we know it. The specter of the imminent end of the world becomes a distraction powerful enough to act as an ordering principle for Jack—temporarily. The specter provides resolution and catharsis for various modern anxieties, and, under its influence, Jack is inspired to rise from withdrawn to ineffectual. His "secret knowledge" buoys him, but adds little to his method as applied to personal relationships.

Confession would appear to be the major theme of the book. One is tempted to wonder if Dick was a bit embarrassed over concentrating his efforts on writing science fiction back in 1959, considering the somewhat ungracious depiction of a devotee reared in the classic tradition. In the introduction, Dick indicates that his kinship and rapport with the character of Jack has grown over the years. Dick's deep concern with invariably imperfect and undignified characters is the trademark of his work, and is probably the quality that redeems his efforts from a morass of frustration and anti-climax. *Crap Artist*

enjoys the unusual distinction of resembling both a premature Mary Hartman story suitable for rejection by the women's magazines of the day, and a profound double-barreled *Anna Karenina*. Its confessional approach allows Dick to offer some depth of insight into what makes us tick. There is no traditionally religious content or context: unstable scientific sense struggles with the moral void growing with the demise of religion. Confession is now only an absurd respite, an attempt to understand the error that previous understandings have led to, perhaps a mere diversion itself, a shallow and weak denial of a hopeless desperation.

Jack, the "idiot of Seville" (which oddly enough is a phrase I first heard many years ago over a card table), offhandedly confesses to many peccadilloes. The book opens with the line, "I am made out of water." This is a strange foot to start on, possibly attributable to the arcane link between confession and a certain water sign. What struck me most about it is that I used exactly the same line to begin a poem over 10 years ago. Putting that aside, it would seem to be a self-description that emphasizes drifting qualities over backbone.

Jack's more particular confessions include a blithe bias against Asiatic cultures, participation in a gang attack on a hapless Japanese boy, making a living as a tire regroover, hustling cheap wimmen in Reno, a growing range of voyeuristic behavior and finally an esoteric gullibility, lack of "common sense", and devotion to "crap". Some of the confessions are humorously oblique. Jack wonders at how hardworking slobbs like his brother-in-law Charlie can run the world while sneering at sensitive, meditative seekers like himself who are rudely buffeted by every breeze.

It may be of interest to note that Jack does not confess. He never mentions any experiences in the military. He never admits that his psychiatrist put him up to writing out his story. He won't say whether or not he sniffs corfla, for that matter. He may not be an idiot, but he is clearly no savant.

Other reviewers have discerned a rich vein of ironic humor in *Crap Artist*. To be sure, the book is laced with ironies. At the very end, when Jack decides to seek psychiatric care, admitting that his past judgment has not been the best, he concocts an absurdly elaborate plan for selecting the right doctor. This demonstration of the lack of any real change in him despite various extremities must be the crowning irony. It led me into confusion as to who the real protagonist is supposed to be; but *Crap Artist* is not concerned with what is supposed to be. The book is the very antithesis of an "escape" novel; to dwell on its occasional drollery is to attempt an escape from its almost inarticulate message of loving despair. For another modern ultimate in this sort of deadpan humor, I would recommend *The Lost Ones*, a recent book by Samuel Beckett.

For those who appreciate Philip K. Dick, this book should be a welcome edition. For those who flee at the first twinge of existential pain, it is a lurking danger. For those who want a bit of literary merit, it could provide a thought-provoking glimpse into the kind of books that Hemingway might have written! The little pleasures that *Crap Artist* does give us leads back into the inextricable entanglement of love and despair without reassurance. It takes a determined writer to pursue such an ordinarily thankless task, and a powerful writer to convey the mixed bag of our real feelings so vividly. This much Phil Dick has accomplished in *Crap Artist*, and has continued to accomplish with alarming regularity in his ongoing output of science fiction. ☺

2 by Vinge

By Janet Bellwether

Both "Tin Soldier" and "Eyes of Amber" are stories by a Vinge that have appeared in the *Women of Wonder* series. In case there's anyone reading this who hasn't read these novellas, brief rundowns:

"Tin Soldier" is the name of a bar and its cyborg tender. The story is about the latter and the spacer he falls in love with. He must sit home and wait for her while she gallivants about the galaxy, because neither men nor cyborgs can cope with the stresses of space travel. She's the first person he's met in generations (non-cyborg or -spacer time) willing to have sex with a cyborg.

"Eyes of Amber" concerns the efforts of Shannon, a human rock star/linguist, to communicate with T'uupieh, a Titan humanoid professional assassin. The "eyes" are the sensors through which the linguist sees the assassin, who believes him to be a "demon". In the first part of the story the assassin promises and prepares to kill her sister and her sister's young children. The plot centers on T'uupieh's intrigues, Shannon's struggles in the Titan-project hierarchy, and the interface between them. "Eyes of Amber" is written at about a sixth-grade readability level.

In each story the main female character is highly competent and independent. The main male character in each story can be seen either as being allowed to act as the other's moral instructor or as being able to do some nourishing. In "Tin Soldier" the bartender comforts the spacer after her debilitating accident, offering to teach her about the things that "really" count. Shannon, in "Eyes of Amber", while not strictly a humanist himself—"He had never, he thought, expected to like the old broad so well."—does draw the line at killing one's fellow sentients. With his mother's help he arranges to keep the number of humanoid deaths at T'uupieh's planned assassination down to one instead of three or more. Besides the lives he saves then and there, his action gives T'uupieh substantial support for her urge to refrain from killing her sister.

These are two exquisite stories about important subjects—one, "Tin Soldier", about interpersonal *versus* interstellar explorations; the other, "Eyes of Amber", about a real challenge in communication. They are unrestrained enough to be involving, and well constructed and austere enough that one's esthetic sense doesn't want to die from shame at inhabiting the same skull as some mush-heart. Each story's main female character experiences nicely tension-building conflict. For the spacer this takes the form of her fondness for the bartender *versus* the spacers' social rule against taking a steady lover. T'uupieh must struggle with her childhood affection for her sister *versus* her loathing for her sister's cowardice in adulthood.

If you haven't read them, what are you waiting for?

A Promising Beginning

By Carl Marrs

C. J. Cherryh is one of the best new authors in science fiction. She has a rare ability to invent aliens with psychologies and motivations which are very different from those of humans, yet are consistently and believably portrayed. Her novel, *The Faded Sun: Kesrith*, clearly demonstrates this ability. This book deals with the interactions of three

different species, the Mri, the Regul, and humans. The Mri are a warrior race with a sense of honor which often proves to be stronger than their sense of survival. The Mri act as mercenaries to the Regul, a race whose individuals have comprehensive and accurate memories but who lack imagination and foresight. Together the Mri and the Regul have been at war against humanity for 40 years. As the novel starts, the Regul have just reached a peace agreement with humanity without consultation with the Mri, an agreement which among other things gives humanity the rights to Kesrith, the current Mri homeworld.

The story is told from the viewpoint of characters of each of the three races in a manner which shows how different their world-views are. Conflict takes place not only between the three species, but also within each species as different groups strive to improve their positions. Everything comes to a head as the first pair of humans land on Kesrith, a barren, desolate world of savage storms and harsh conditions. As the book winds its way to its devastating conclusion, the reader is shown how the basic psychological and cultural backgrounds inevitably lead to conflict and destruction when the three species meet in crisis on Kesrith.

Although Cherryh includes some alien words throughout her book, they are not so numerous and diverse and so do not hinder the action (unlike her earlier attempt in *Hunter of Worlds*). In fact they improve the book and allow expression of concepts which would be impractical without them.

The Faded Sun: Kesrith is the first of a trilogy. The second novel, *The Faded Sun: Shon'jin*, has recently been published and will be reviewed in a later issue.

Dispassionate Metaphor For Disintegration

by Cy Chauvin

High Rise by J. G. Ballard,
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$6.95.

...the high-rise was a model of the world into which the future was carrying them, a landscape beyond technology where everything was either derelict or, more ambiguously, recombined in unexpected but more meaningful ways. (P. 173)

The novel opens with a man eating a piece of roast dog on his balcony in a 40-story apartment block. It seems the start of a typical science-fiction disaster novel, the return to barbarianism and violent adventure. But it isn't quite that.

The time is the present day, and the setting confined almost totally to a recently completed luxury apartment building. (Its neighbors are still rising in the background.) The self-sufficiency of the high-rise is emphasized: it has its own supermarket, movie theater, school, and two swimming pools. No one needs to leave this self-contained world except to go to their jobs; and the wealthier, not even for that.

Residents are identified by their occupations and the floor they inhabit—Anthony Royal, for example, is a TV producer from the fifth floor, and one of the novel's major protagonists. All the apartment units are furnished very "tastefully", but the constant opulence is repelling. Many features of the high-rise take on psychological or symbolic significance; the novel's characters, in contrast, are described in much blander terms.

Violence erupts after the apartment block is full and a number of drunken parties have been held

to celebrate. Glasses are thrown off balconies and smash on the windshields of the cars below. Hidden tensions surface, and the conflict develops between different floors in the building. Elevators are deliberately stalled, garbage strewn through corridors. Residents build barricades out of furniture to prevent people from getting from one floor to another.

Amid the violence, business people and professionals still get up each day and go to work, as though everything were normal. "No one, even on the top floors, seemed aware of the contrast between the well-groomed revellers and the dilapidated state of the building." (P. 109) They pick their way through the garbage and wrecked cars in the parking lot; it takes on ritualistic significance.

Royal, the TV producer, takes movies of what is happening in the high-rise and plans a documentary. The architect of the building lives in a penthouse on the roof and can be seen walking his dog occasionally. Royal decides to climb to the top; it becomes an epic journey. He finds pockets of survivors along the way, some of whom have developed peculiar customs. This part of the novel is not a parody of the typical British disaster novel, but analogous to it: a case of parallel development. The characters do not determine the action of the story: instead they are acted upon by their environment. This is a psychological and introspective novel, but its trappings are sensationalist. The unusual is described very matter-of-factly, in prose that is colorless and distant.

The novel seems to be about the breakdown of civilization on a minor scale. "He gazed up at the derelict washing machines and refrigerators, now only used as garbage bins. He found it hard to remember what their original function had been." (P. 173) It has many turns of phrase that would seem to fit only in a science-fiction novel (as the above), although is not science fiction. It is unrealistic: no one ever leaves the high-rise, despite the violence, and the police are never called. There seems to be more to the novel than the old idea that "civilization is a thin veneer" and underneath it we are all animals.

High Rise uses some of the techniques of science fiction without itself being science fiction. Like *Crash* and *Concrete Island*, parts of the same series, it focuses on the effect of environment upon individuals, although the landscape is contemporary rather than futuristic. It is sort of a reaction to much SF written in the past. In an interview in *Vector* 73, Ballard says he objects to certain kinds of exotic, space-oriented SF because "when SF writers have a monopoly on space travel they can define, invent machinery literally, and they are the judges of their own authenticity...the decks are all stacked, the reader doesn't have a chance...the stuff isn't won from experience." The question is, what do the readers lose? And do they gain anything to compensate? By the very nature of SF, the imaginative landscapes it portrays are not within the realm of our experience, but the emotional experiences and thought that a writer brings to the story might be; indeed, should be. SF's freedom from the present day can be one of its liberating factors. (Ballard does mention in the interview that he has not read SF since the late '50s and early '60s, which means he has missed many important developments.)

High Rise is not quite the landmark it might

be, since Ballard must compete with his earlier novels, which have the same form. In a way, this is the perfect way for the novel to be written, but, given Ballard's limitations, one isn't sure he could have written it any other way. Will Ballard ever write a novel that is not dispassionate and detached? ☹

To Say a Dance, To Dance a Word?

By Diane Martin

Jeanne Robinson is a dancer. Spider Robinson is a science-fiction writer. Together they have written "Stardance", an SF story about dance—about living in space—about first contact—about human relationships—about technology and art. That's a lot of stuff for one novelet. (Apparently they thought so too, as they later turned it into the front end of a novel.)

If I were a dancer, I suppose it would seem to me that the science-fiction elements of the story were most evident—that they had somehow been "added" to a story basically about dance. Since I'm a science-fiction reader, not a dancer, instead I noticed all the inclusions about dance. ("Dance" here means modern dance, or more properly the modern dance of the near future, something called "new modern dance.")

The dance elements of "Stardance" remind me of the hard-science elements of more conventional science-fiction stories (only more interesting). When done badly, it seems as if large chunks of specialized information are grafted onto a story. But when done well, as is the case with "Stardance", this information furthers the cause of the story, blending in to make a seamless whole, teaching something about dance and even about science fiction.

The conflict in "Stardance" stems from the regrettable tendency of modern dance to be—how shall we say—sizist? Or maybe "asexist"? Sharra, the stardancer, goes to space to develop her dance technique because she is rejected by Earthside standards:

She was not fat.... She was tall, big-boned tall, and on that great frame was built a rich, ripely female body....

Why did her genius have to lie in the only occupation besides model and nun in which sexiness is a liability? It broke my heart by empathic analogy. (P.22)

Analog has a dreadful illustration of a dumpy-looking amazon in a tutu that breaks my heart. The artist in my opinion comes nowhere close to showing the dancer the Robinsons have described.

This illustrates a central difficulty when writing about the art of dance. How can one accurately write about dance? How can one (or two) describe a visual art verbally? The description may reach the reader garbled. Readers may receive different messages. Is there more than one "right" description?

Maybe the beauty of "Stardance" lies in this ambiguity. Until human beings can experience the reality of space, a stardance can only be imagined. ☹



The Wars

Shane M. Martin & Richard S. Powell

Due to the last *Janus* being a combination summer/autumn publication, we are in the unusual position of reviewing summer movies for the winter issue. But that's not so inappropriate, because the two biggest dates for movie releases are just before Independence Day and just before Christmas. The reasoning isn't hard to figure out: there's a holiday atmosphere at both times, so people are in a spending mood and have a fair amount of free time. What is more natural, the studios figure, than to attract some of that free time and loose change toward the local picture palace?

There is a difference, though. The Academy Awards are passed out in early spring, based on movies released the previous calendar year. So the studios save up the big, serious movies—the ones they are literally banking on as their candidates for the Oscars—to release just before the end of the year, so they'll still be fresh in the minds of the academy voters. In addition, the briskness of winter gives reason to believe that audiences will be fairly alert, so Christmas-time movies tend to be a little deeper, a little more thought-provoking, a little more "important" than the rest of the year's fare.

By contrast, July 4 lands in the middle of "the wars"—the lethargic, placid time of the year when most folks are just looking for a little light entertainment, preferably in an air-conditioned building, where they won't be expected to think profound thoughts. Drive-in specials aside, the summer of 1978 brought in a bumper crop of fluffy science-fiction/fantasy movies, trying to capitalize on the same market which had earlier driven *Star Wars* through the top of the profit record set a few summers earlier by *Jaws*.

T: *The Swarm*

P: Irwin Allen

D: Irwin Allen

W: Stirling Silliphant, from the novel by Arthur Herzog (Signet, 1974)

R: Warner Bros., 1978, PG, 1:56

S: Michael Caine as Dr. Bradford Crane
Richard Widmark as Gen. Thaddeus Slater
Katherine Ross as Dr. Helena Anderson
Bradford Dillman as Maj. Baker
Olivia DeHavilland as Maureen Schuster
Fred MacMurray as Clarence Tuttle
Ben Johnson as Felix Austin
Henry Fonda as Dr. Walter Krim
Lee Grant as Ann MacGregor
Richard Chamberlain as Dr. Hubbard
Patty Duke Astin as Rita
Slim Pickens as Jud Hawkins
Cameron Mitchell as Gen. Thompson

SE: L. B. Abbott

The Swarm is typical of the no-mind nature of movies made for "the wars". It's produced by Irwin Allen, king of the disaster flicks, the man who gave us *The Poseidon Adventure*, *The Towering Inferno*, and *Earthquake*, and it follows much the same form. It

takes an "all-star" cast—most of them fading Hollywood veterans—shows them in brief vignettes of everyday life, introduces a disaster, kills off about half of the characters, and fades out with a few platitudes from the survivors.

In this case the disaster is the invasion of the American Southwest by a swarm of highly aggressive "killer bees" from South America. This premise is based on fact: a few hives of fairly aggressive African bees were introduced to South America some years ago in a breeding experiment to improve the size of South American honey bees. The experiment failed; the hybrid bees became larger, yes, but also much more ferocious. Unfortunately, many of the hybrid, "Africanized" bees got loose and began expanding northward. At their present rate of progress, they will reach the Southwest sometime in the mid-1980s.

When they get here, though, they are unlikely to confront the same kind of stupidity portrayed in *The Swarm*. In a genre where the basic ground rule is to try to guess which of the guest stars will survive and which won't, it is probably superfluous to expect anything like a rational plot or perceptive characterizations, and Allen doesn't surprise us by providing any.* But he ignores even the simple conventions which make disaster epics marginally tolerable. He sets up a competition between aging businessmen Tuttle and Austin for the hand of aging schoolteacher Schuster. The expectation is that one of the three will be eradicated by the disaster (probably expiring heroically), and the other two will survive to mourn the loss. In *The Swarm* all three are wiped out at the same time—offscreen yet—in a train wreck. Another expectation is that some little thing introduced fairly early in the movie will prove to be the gimmick which results in saving some of the cast near the climax. A couple such are introduced—Crane's unexplained presence at the site of the bees' first attack and his queasiness in the presence of bee victims—but neither leads to anything at all. A special word of opprobrium must be reserved for the Jerry Goldsmith score, which ranges from sappy to loud and obnoxious.

After passing through the absolute foolishness of a nuclear reactor being exploded by the bees and an evacuated Houston being incinerated by the US Air Force, *The Swarm* ends with the bees being lured to their doom by hypersonic signals. This isn't as much of a copout as in the book, where they just fly off to sea and drown, but at least the book presented a realistic economic and environmental crisis; it's just about impossible to take the *papier-maché* mountains and toy trains of the movie version with any seriousness at all. Like the movie, the book also has terrible characterization, but at least it doesn't feel compelled to follow the career of an intrepid hero (accompanied by fawning female) to his ultimate triumph; instead,

*Sample dialog: "What are the limits to my authority?"
"None."

WHAT'S THE NAME
OF THE FILM?

WHO CARES?
JUST SO WE CAN
GET OUT OF THIS
HEAT!

1.50 CHILDREN
2.50 ADULTS



it presents a scientific puzzle which is attacked by a scientific team using a multi-pronged approach.

This movie was a real loser, but, then, who was expecting anything significant in the first place? Certainly not us!

T: *The Cat From Outer Space*

P: Norman Tokar and Ron Miller

D: Norman Tokar

W: Ted Key from his own novel (Pocket, 1978)

R: Buena Vista, 1978, G, 1:46

S: Jake as Zoonar J-5/9 Doric 4-7

Ken Berry as Dr. Frank Wilson

Sandy Duncan as Dr. Elizabeth Bartlett

McLean Stevenson as Dr. Carl Link

Harry Morgan as Gen. Stilton

Roddy McDowell as Stallwood

The Cat From Outer Space was Disney Studios' contribution to this summer's "sci-fi" craze. Designed to appeal to the moppets captivated by *Star Wars*, it actually appeals to a much narrower age range. *McCall's* magazine said it's meant for ages six to 12. Based on audience reaction to the show we were at, ages four to eight would be more accurate. One little tyke, on leaving the theater, remarked, "Gee, Mom. That wasn't scary at all. I liked it!"

The plot is simple. An alien spaceship crash-lands on Earth. The pilot is a sentient, telepathic cat with a telekinetic collar. The good guys try to help him repair his ship and return to space. The bad guys try to capture him. The cat helps the good guys at critical moments.

The omniscient point of view used in the film is generally an effective technique. But not when all the characters are cretins. And these characters were so exceptionally cretinous even little children became impatient. It's nice to feel superior to the characters in a film—and shout directions when they behave in a misguided fashion—but these characters were so abysmally stupid it was embarrassing to watch them. The actors can't be blamed too much; we've seen most of them in other roles where they were much more entertaining. Maybe it was the overkill factor in the casting; even the "villains" were wholesome and apple-cheeked.

Technically, the film was acceptable. The directing wasn't too bad. The wires weren't too obvious in the special effects. We would continue damning with faint praise, but there is a major flaw in the film that takes the overall effect from mediocre to mindless: poor, poor writing. Boring dialog. It isn't clear which came first, the book or the screenplay, but someone should have clued cartoonist Ted Key in on not making the same mistake twice. Both the book and the screenplay were equally and uniformly dull.

Even the cat was dull. Even the cat! (Hard to believe, I know.)

Avoid this movie.

T: *Eyes of Laura Mars*

P: Jon Peters

D: Irvin Kershner

W: John Carpenter and David Zelag Goodman (novel by John Carpenter, Bantam, 1978)

R: Columbia, 1978, R, 1:43

S: Faye Dunaway as Laura Mars

Tommy Lee Jones as Lt. John Neville

Rene Auberjonois as Donald Phelps

Brad Dourif as Tommy Ludlow

Photography: Rebecca Blake

This is basically a murder mystery. Laura Mars, a photographer who makes her money in the fashion industry and gets her jollies from art photographs of gory death scenes, is the center of a tightening spiral of real gory deaths. And as they involve progressively closer acquaintances of hers, she starts to see the murder scenes through the eyes of the killer. Aside from this unusual plot element (which is never examined, let alone explained), it's simply a matter of determining whodunit.

Faye Dunaway is okay in the title role, but Tommy Lee Jones is again inexplicably presented as some sort of sex symbol who is irresistible to women. It's hard to see why. He's not attractive physically, with a face that looks like the surface of the planet Akneskar; he mumbles his lines; and he has only two discernible expressions. Maybe he's cheap.

The photographs presented in the film as the work of Laura Mars are pretty good, though; too bad we couldn't have concentrated on those and skipped the rest of the show.

T: *Capricorn One*

P: Paul N. Lazarus 3rd

D: Peter Hyams

W: Peter Hyams
 R: Warner Bros., 1978, PG, 1:52
 S: Elliot Gould as Robert Callfield
 Hal Holbrook as Dr. James Kelloway
 James Brolin as Col. Charles Brubaker
 O. J. Simpson as John Walker
 Sam Waterston as Lt. Col. Peter Willis
 Brenda Vaccaro as Kay Brubaker
 Denise Nicholas as Mrs. Walker
 Karen Black as Judy Drinkwater
 Telly Savalas as the cropduster
 Ian Fudge as Paul Cunningham
 David Huddleston as Rep. Hollis Peaker
 Robert Walden as Elliot Witter

A recent survey shows that a substantial minority of the population believes that Neil Armstrong never really set foot on the moon. Nearly 30% of those surveyed thought that the televised lunar landing actually was staged in a movie studio on Earth.

—news item

You could practically see it coming after that curious piece of information was circulated. Any time 30% of the American public believes anything, there's a potential audience for a movie.

And so we have *Capricorn One*, the first human flight to Mars, in which the rocket gets off the launching pad, but the astronauts are not inside it. They have been pulled out at the last minute by Mission Director Kelloway because he knows that they will probably die from a faulty life-support system about three weeks into the mission.* Rather than postpone the flight and take a chance on Congressional budget cuts, NASA decides to fake it. Thereafter, it's a question of whether a secret this big can be kept truly secret.

The answer is "No."

Witter, a Capricorn technician, gets suspicious when the expected communications lag from Capricorn turns out to be inconsistent. Callfield, a newspaper reporter, becomes suspicious when his friend Witter disappears. The astronauts become very suspicious when the returning Capricorn capsule burns up on re-entry. ("We are dead!" "Shit! I was such a terrific guy!") Of course, after that particular debacle, they know that NASA can't simply let them out of the sound stage and 'fess up that it was all in good fun, so they take off. Callfield tries to catch up to them before NASA does, and enlists the aid of the most colorful character in the film—a cynical cropduster—who provides the best scenes in the movie when his airplane plays keepaway with a couple of NASA helicopters in an effort to save the surviving astronaut. The visual effects of their dogfight amidst the mountains are most exhilarating. Picture the hero astronaut clinging to the wing of a biplane in mid-flight, while the pilot performs various evasive maneuvers. The excellent camera work in this sequence sometimes creates a frightening "you are there" effect and other times backs off to let the viewer appreciate the abstract patterns formed by moving shadows on the mountains.

Of course, all of the astronauts are male (although one of them is a token black), and they get all of the good lines in the film—or both of them.

The movie isn't really bad, especially as relief from the warms, but it really sticks in the craw of us pro-space types to see the space program presented as a villain, especially since the most realistic part of the whole movie was the part about the Congressional budget cuts. Space deserves a better press than this.

* One real-life astronaut, when asked about his thoughts while lifting off, commented, "All I can think about is that I'm sitting on top of a couple hundred tons of highly explosive fuel in a rocket with over 400,000 parts that were built by the lowest bidder."

Here Comes Mr. Jordan T Heaven Can Wait
 Everett Riskin P Warren Beatty
 Alexander Hall D Warren Beatty and Buck Henry
 Sidney Buchman and W Warren Beatty and
 Seton Miller Elaine May
 Columbia, 1941, R Paramount, 1978, PG, 1:51
 unrated, 1:36, B&W

S

as Joe Pendleton and Bruce/Leo Farnsworth
 Robert Montgomery Warren Beatty
 Claude Rains as Mr. Jordan James Mason
 Edw. E. Horton as Messenger 7013 Buck Henry
 James Gleason as Max Corkel Jack Warden
 Evelyn Keyes as Betty Logan Julie Christie
 as Abbott Charles Grodin
 as Julia Farnsworth Dyan Cannon

Here we have two movies made 27 years apart with essentially the same script. Oh, Warren Beatty plays football where Robert Montgomery was a boxer, but the dialog is almost line-for-line the same. So close is the similarity that it's quite easy to pick out spots where Beatty added the extra 15 minutes: there is additional sports footage; additional byplay between Abbott (Farnsworth's private secretary) and Mrs. Farnsworth, as they attempt to murder Farnsworth; and a scene where Pendleton addresses the board of directors of Farnsworth's company.

For both films, the premise is that a highly competent athlete, Joe Pendleton, faces death in an accident and his soul is "pulled out" by a tyro heavenly messenger just before the crash. But Pendleton's reflexes would have enabled him to avoid the accident; he's not due to die for another 40 years. The messenger's supervisor, Mr. Jordan, sets out to make things right, but is stymied by the cremation of Pendleton's body. So he finds an alternative body—that of Bruce/Leo Farnsworth, a millionaire playboy industrialist. Pendleton, basically a good guy, tries to resume his sports career in Farnsworth's body, but pauses along the way to rectify some of the injustices Farnsworth had perpetrated on humanity. One such injustice is brought to his attention by Betty Logan, with whom Pendleton (in Farnsworth's body, but still looking like Pendleton to the audience) falls in love. At the end of the film, Abbott and Mrs. Farnsworth successfully polish off Farnsworth's body, but Pendleton re-emerges in the body of another athlete who has met an untimely fate in the process of trying to attain the world championship which is properly Pendleton's destiny. After completing that achievement, Pendleton loses his memory of his former life, except for a mutual feeling of familiarity when he meets Logan again.

This is probably the most pleasant movie we saw during the warms, in part because it ends up saying that external appearances aren't nearly as important as internal character. However, seeing the two films within a couple of weeks of each other produced a curious reaction. Diane, who saw *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* first, thought it was the better version—in part because it had less football. Richard, who saw *Heaven Can Wait* first, liked it better—in part because it had more football. Neither of us thought the movie was worth seeing twice, though we both enjoyed seeing it once.

The afterlife can be anything a filmmaker wants, really, as *Oh, God!* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* demonstrate, but we kind of like this version.

Incidentally, the 1941 film won Academy Awards for best original story and best screenplay and nominations for best film and best actor. Will Beatty repeat this accomplishment? Actually, we rather hope not. It seems to us to be an awful waste of time doing remakes. If they're done poorly, why bother? And if they're done well, why not spend the same effort on something original? Still, if a remake is ever to achieve plaudits (as *King Kong* justifiably did not), this is our nominee. ☺

an interview: JOAN D. VINGE



[This interview was conducted between Janice Bogstad, representing Janus, and Joan D. Vinge during IguanaCon.]

JB: I guess we can start by talking about how long you've been writing science fiction as opposed to how long you've been published.

JV: I've been writing science fiction for about five years, since 1973, and I've been published for about four years. My first story, "Tin Soldier", came out in 1974. Before that I had never really taken myself seriously as a writer. I used to think I wanted to be an artist, and when I started taking college art courses, unfortunately, my desire to do art was totally destroyed by the people they had teaching it. And I guess I sort of sublimated by writing. I never really showed it to anybody, and I began to write more, but I never imagined that I would actually become a writer at that time. It always seems very strange to me.

If someone came up to me and said, "Do you think I could become a writer?", I really could never judge whether to say "yes" or "no" to them, because I really wouldn't have thought that would have happened to me. But I had written just for myself until I met Vernor, who encouraged me. He said, "If you're going to write, take it seriously." I sat down to seriously write, and I had written ["Tin Soldier"] just kind of hodgepodge and piecemeal for a number of years, not very seriously at all. I had never really written with any intent of publishing or anything. I showed it to him, and he said he thought it could sell, so I said, "Wow!! Good!" and it did, though not immediately.

JB: How many times did you have to rewrite?

JV: Only about once, I guess. I do about three drafts when I'm writing.

I sent it to a couple of places. One was Damon Knight, who read it and sent me back this long letter telling me all of the things he thought were wrong with it. I didn't realize that that was a good sign at the time. If you get a personal response, you know that he was interested in it, that he actually opened the manuscript and looked at it. But I thought that he really hated it, and I was very upset, even though Vernor told me that this was a good sign. I couldn't believe it.

I got this note from [Knight] several months later, saying, "Aren't you ever going to revise that story?" Oh, my God. He remembered it! He had asked for a whole lot of changes and put in an asterisk and said at the bottom, "besides which, it is twice as long as it should be." And I said, "Oh, no, this is the straw that broke the camel's back." But he didn't really mean that; as I wound up cutting out no more than a few hundred words, I guess. And he

bought it. I really am quite awed that he actually bothered to write back about it; that doesn't happen very often, you know. I would never have known to send it back to him. I'm grateful to him for that.

JB: As I understand it, your "Eyes of Amber", that was published in *Analog*, is now on the ballot for a Hugo as a novelet.*

JV: It is in *New Women of Wonder*, too, which is more accessible (It's hard to get a hold of the *Analog*), and it's also in Wollheim's best-of-the-year [for 1977].

I was quite shocked when I got this letter that said "Hugo subcommittee". I thought, "What do they want, money or something?" I honestly had no idea. It was just totally unexpected. I opened the envelope, and I read about half of the letter, before I realized what they were saying, and I said, "Oh, my God, this can't be happening." It was really a huge thrill. It's really a great honor just to be nominated.

JB: Do you prefer to write novels rather than short stories, or the other way around?

JV: Well, I am beginning to think that I probably prefer novels. My natural length seems to be somewhere between a novelet and a novella, which is kind of a long short story, you know, 15 to 20 thousand words. I'm beginning to think that I probably do enjoy writing a whole novel. From the strictly business end of things, writing a novel is generally more profitable, because the field is very good right now, and there is a lot of money, which is very nice. I think *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* probably have a lot to do with it. It's making everybody think science fiction is "hot stuff" these days. Even the publishers who are very slow on the uptake apparently are beginning to get the message, that more people are actually trying to read science fiction. There's a bigger market, and so there's more money coming in, and more publicity being put behind books and things. I think it's really great, though it probably won't last forever.

Very long novels are very popular right now. You may have noticed more and more things, like Marta Randall's *Journey*, which are really long books, in the *Dune* tradition, so to speak. For a while you apparently could not sell a book that was that long, but now they're very much in demand. My novel, *Snow Queen* is very long, about 160,000 words. It's a real monster. Right now, that's probably my current favorite of the things I've done. I'm really excited about that book, because I think it came out well. I have to wait and find out if editors think so too. On top of that it was long, and my personal feeling about other people's stuff is that, if it's

* It won.

something you like, the longer the better.

Let's see, I also just finished the first actual novel that I sat down and wrote all the way through. I have a novel coming out, *Outcast*, which was originally a novella, but I expanded it into a novel, before it sold.

JB: It's already sold, and will be coming out in the next year?

JV: That'll be coming out in December. I have two books coming out in December. I'm really looking forward to it. It will be a great Christmas.

JB: Are these going to be paperbacks?

JV: Yeah. NAL/Signet is putting out *Outcast*. It's kind of a weird title. It's a word play on "The Outcasts of Poker Flats".

JB: Does your story have anything to do with Bret Hart's story?

JV: Only vaguely. Actually, I wasn't that familiar with [Hart's] story when I wrote mine. I just seemed to see a certain appropriateness to the title. Then I saw the movie version of "Outcasts of Poker Flats", and actually there were some parallels.

JB: You mentioned you have another novel coming out in December.

JV: Actually, that one is two novellas. One is "Fireship", which is going to be in *Analog*, and the other is "Mother and Child", which was originally in *Orbit*. They're coming out together in one book, so it will be two short novels, essentially in one book. That's a Dell book. That's going to be in the Science Fiction Book Club, too.

JB: If a book is part of a book-club selection, does that mean you're going to sell more copies?

JV: Probably. I don't know. There are people who just like to collect hardbacks, and they get the book-club editions. It means more money to me.

JB: It does? In a real sense, do you get more money, even though your royalty per book might be a little less, because the book costs less?

JV: The one that's coming up is only going to be a paperback, rather than a hardback. So this gives me a hardback, essentially.

JB: I see. So, in the case that it wasn't a book-club edition, you wouldn't have a hardback at all.

I also wanted to ask you if you think that the accessibility to publication for you is part of the general acceptability of women writers in science fiction.

JV: Very much so, I think. I'm really pleased with the field right now, because I feel like it's one field where women's liberation is actually making a big dent. I really feel that people have finally begun to realize that women write science fiction well. A lot of people are trying to change their attitudes, a lot of the older male-chauvinist writers, for instance, are trying to change their attitudes with greater or lesser success, but they're still trying. Also, the editors, no matter what their personal feelings about women are, seem to be willing to say, "By God, if it's a good story, it doesn't really matter that much who wrote it.", and the fans seem to feel that way too.

JB: It's nice that they're finally being sensible about it.

JV: It really seems to be working pretty well. It's sad that society at large is not as flexible. In some ways I think that actually there have always been more independent women in fandom—perhaps more women who were aware of themselves as women and individuals and capable people—than in the greater part of society, because science fiction fandom has lived by its own code in a lot of ways. You look at the people in the lobby of the hotel and you can tell which ones are here for the science-fiction convention.

JB: I've only been involved in fandom for three years, and I can already see an increase in the number

of women who are coming to these conventions. Two years ago at MidAmeriCon in Kansas City there was one feminist program and now there must be at least five.

JV: I was surprised myself to find out how much was going on here.

JB: I tend to think that fans are making it possible for women writers to be published, but I think also that women writers have gotten more other women involved in fandom.

JV: It's now possible for many women to become active in fandom as well. I think it's a very reciprocal thing and really healthy. I'm really happy that it's working out as well as it has. I know there used to be an awful lot of vitriol (and maybe there still is) in things like the SFWA *Forum* between the feminists and the old-liners. And certain people saying, "Well, what is it that women want?"

JB: It's almost as if we could tell you. We can't, of course, until we get there.

JV: I don't know if that has died down, because I got so fed up with it I quit reading it. I'll be honest. It gets so vitriolic it makes my blood boil. I get in there, and I get so mad at these people I feel I'm wasting my energy. I should go and sublimate it and write something instead of sitting around gnashing my teeth. I do certainly **consider myself a** feminist, and when I start thinking about the oppression and things like that I really get very upset, but I realize that just being upset is not a very functional and not a very useful thing. You should be out there trying to do something positive.

JB: Which you are doing by writing.

JV: I hope. By writing and by having strong female characters. And by showing men and women treating each other as individuals and human beings and not as objects—not only between women and men but between people in general. It's very important to me, if I could make people through my writing feel a little better towards other people. Make them feel like "Well, I liked those people in that book. Maybe they don't think exactly the way I do, but still I like them." Hoping it will open up possibilities that in the real world they might be able to be like those people, more patient and understanding.

JB: Then you are conscious of trying to create characters in your books that you would like to see people emulate?

JV: Yes, very much. Books have always had that effect on me. I really like to read a positive book with an encouraging message. It makes me feel good, more like I wanted to go out and be positive about the world. Whereas a really negative and vitriolic and hate-filled book just plays on all my own insecurities and unhappinesses and makes me feel terrible. I take things very personally when I read them; I really get involved in them, and if it's a really good thing I'll go out and I'll live that positive feeling for a while. But if it's very negative, I'll live the negative feeling. I feel that if you have that power to influence other people it would be nice if you could make use of it as a positive thing. I'd like to do more children's books, because I think that's a very important age; people are just beginning to form their basic concepts.

JB: Do you write for women specifically?

JV: I like to think I write for everybody. I like to write for women in the sense that I want to create positive and strong female characters that women readers can identify with, and hopefully that men readers can sympathize with at the same time.

I find sometimes that I have difficulty writing about evil and villainous women, simply because I'm so concerned about creating a positive image of women. In the novel that I just finished, *Snow Queen*, the queen herself, who is one of the main characters of the story, is basically an evil person in a lot of

ways. She's manipulating, cold, and cruel, though at the same time she is interested in using her power to bring about social change. She's not a completely unregenerate character, which is a positive aspect. But on the other hand she's not a goody-two-shoes sort of character. I was consciously trying to create someone who's not entirely sympathetic, because I feel women and men both have their faults. If you're going to portray people realistically, you should have a proper mix of good and bad in the individual and in the whole story.

JB: It sounds as if you are basically interested in character development, as opposed to what some people consider the basis of science fiction, world building and technology. Is that true?

JV: Well, I'm very interested in characters and stories. For a while I was terribly disappointed with science fiction. I got to the point when I was in college where I didn't read much of it simply because the characters were always so cardboardy. They were just cut-out things moved around the countryside to make the plot go forward. They were not people that you could get involved in. I think that's changing a lot, certainly in current SF. I thought about this, too. Is it really that that's more important to me than idess, or not? I really feel that I probably am most interested in world building, creating alien societies, because otherwise I'd probably write mainstream fiction. I'm interested in putting real characters into those unusual backgrounds and seeing how they react to an entirely different sort of situation in hopes that people, seeing them in this different situation, can draw universal conclusions. By portraying things in a different light, by making people look at what may be a very standard situation from a very unstandard viewpoint, in a different society, with alien beings, something like that, I'm hoping that they can maybe widen their own view, their way of looking at the world.

I have a background in anthropology, and anthropology and science fiction are closely tied together for me. I love them both in the same sorts of ways. In anthropology you get a very wonderful view of varied cultures on Earth and how differently people look at the world and how these different systems all work really essentially equally well. People get along in them and they cope with their environment, and to say that one form of culture is essentially more valid than another is a very suspect thing. Then you take this on into the future. Archeology is the anthropology of the past; science fiction is the anthropology of the future. I use my anthropology very consciously in creating different societies, taking bits of information and inspiration from things that I have read about other cultures and blending them into new things and taking them into new physical environments and seeing what would happen with them. That's much more enjoyable and interesting to me than just writing about people in the environments that we're all familiar with. I think the science-fiction element is really crucial to my interest in what I write.

JB: Do you have your own theory about why "Eyes of Amber" was nominated for a Hugo, or why it was so popular?

JV: No. Frankly I was really surprised. I'll be honest. I kind of cranked that story out. They were having their women's issue of *Analog*, and they really planned that ahead of time. There were some tales to the contrary—that there were all these wonderful stories by women so they put together this issue from them—but that's not true. They actually specifically wrote to me and asked me to write a cover story for it. They hoped to put it out at the beginning of the year, and they wrote to me in August and said, "You have a month to write this story." And I

don't write very fast. I had zero ideas for a story at that point, so I got together with Vernor and tossed ideas back and forth, and I got a basic story plot, and I sat down and wrote practically 8 or 10 hours a day. It's very hard for me to hold still that long, because I write slowly and my body gets bored. But I forced it to sit there and write and write and write and get this thing finished within the time period. As a result, in some ways I'm not as close to it as I am to some of my other stories that I could let percolate awhile. I have to get to know them to be comfortable, but I just finished this one so fast, I felt a little alienated from it. So I was really surprised that it became that popular.

I think there is some sort of snowball effect. I had a lot of other stories, and some of them didn't really get seen when they first came out. They were in things that weren't really that widely circulated, and then they became re-anthologized, and I think maybe it was partly that people were gradually becoming aware of me as a writer. Anyway, that story is determined to make me like it.

JB: I think that it might have something to do with the sympathy between the characters with different viewpoints; it was very unusual.

JV: I hope that people like that; that's one of the qualities that was important to me when I wrote it. I felt like it had a couple of things to say that I hoped got across to people, about understanding and not interfering with other cultures.

JB: Do you and Vernor ever collaborate in writing SF?

JV: We actually did physically collaborate on one story, called "The Pedlar's Apprentice", which was out three years ago, I guess. He had written it and gotten stuck in the middle. I liked it, so he gave it to me and let me finish it.

There are certain things about our talents that work together. I'm stronger on characters and stronger on the anthropological end of things, and he's very strong on the technological end because he has a PhD in mathematics. He's very good at the physics and that aspect of writing hard science fiction. He's my technical advisor essentially, on that sort of thing.

He's a good plot engineer, too. He can see how to make things go forward in a proper manner, and if you're flagging he can say, "Pick up the pace there." I usually let him look at my drafts and things like that and tell me where I'm not being successful for him. This really helps me get something into a very good form before I actually send it out to the editors. As a result, I don't have to do much rewriting after I've sold something. It usually sells, with minor changes, if any, because I've had somebody take a look at it already. I really value that. I hope I never get such a swelled head that I won't take somebody else's suggestions, because you get very close to something when you're writing it, you get so that it's practically engraved on your memory, and thus you can't see it clearly anymore. It's like getting too close to the mirror, you can't exactly see what you've done. Sometimes it takes someone else's eye to tell you whether you've really succeeded.

JB: Do you have any personal favorites as science-fiction writers or favorite works of SF?

JV: I'm really fond of Ursula Le Guin's stuff, because it has an anthropological flavor and I relate to that a lot when I read it. I like Samuel R. Delany's work a lot too. Frankly I'm not real fond of either *Dhalgren* or *Triton*, but his work before that was just fantastic. *Nova* is probably one of my favorite books of all time. And I like Vonda McIntyre's work, and of course John Varley is really good. I like Tolkien, but everybody does, I guess. But I do like fantasy as well as SF, and there are a whole lot of other people whose work I really enjoy.



Octavia E.

OCTAVIA E. BUTLER AND POWER RELATIONSHIPS by Janice Bogstad

There is not a great deal of biographical or critical material available concerning Octavia E. Butler or her work. I have read short reviews of two of her novels, *Mind of my Mind* and *Survivor*, neither of which, in my estimation, did justice to the works. My first contact with the three novels came last spring when I was offered them for review, and this process prompted me to ask her for the interview which is presented above. I look forward to reading her story in *The Last Dangerous Visions*.

The three extant novels, soon to be followed by two new works, are *Mind of my Mind* (Doubleday and Avon), *Patternmaster*, and *Survivor* (both Doubleday). They are all part of the same future-history setting, though each takes place at a time widely separated from the others. *Mind of my Mind*, chronologically first of the trio, introduces the first of the cataclysmic events which create her future-history world. This is the development of a social hierarchy based upon variable intensities of psionic abilities, a hierarchy which slowly becomes the dominant force in world society as the head patternist, Doro, and then his "daughter", Mary, assert their powers. The potential of this psionic control of social power reaches its peak in *Patternmaster* but fades in importance in the face of other factors as represented in *Survivor*, chronologically the latest of the three works.

Mind of my Mind is really the story of how an atypical individual, Doro, has used unique abilities, which are partly genetic and partly a matter of chance, to produce other individuals who can share in his power. It is also the story of his inadvertent transfer of this power to one of his offspring and her creation of a new power structure. His actions with regard to her and to the less fortunate individuals he has made use of to create her is an excellent beginning for the study of how people treat their inferiors in a power structure which operates through absolutes. This first novel establishes the patternist base of power, which is an accepted fact in *Patternmaster*, but there are a couple of other factors which enter into the creation of the basic setting for Ms. Butler's future-history world.

The ultimate outcome of the patternists' psionic powers is that they rule other individuals who can't become part of the pattern, that is, who don't have psionic abilities. In fact, the patternmaster is potentially and often actually in control of all other individuals. Since this novel takes place on Earth, with *Mind of my Mind* set in a time which could very well be our own, this means that the population of this planet is slowly integrated into the pattern at different levels. This is where the importance of the second cataclysmic event—one which provides an alternate "free" culture for the non-psionic virtual slaves of the patternists—comes into play. The world of *Patternmaster* suffers from the negative effects of the first space voyage, started in a vessel called *Clay's Ark*. The plague which is brought back to Earth by this spacecraft causes genetic mutations which result in clayarks, half-human, sentient creatures who are able to live outside of the pattern. It also decimates Earth's population and effectively prevents space travel for a long period of time.

Patternmaster relates the passing of power from one patternmaster to another, while simultaneously exploring many aspects of the patternist culture which has evolved on Earth in the interim between Mary's first pattern in *Mind of my Mind* and the fairly developed culture (complete with genetic mutants, psionic masters, and slave-mutes) found in this work. This volume exposes us to the ultimate result of putting absolute power in the hands of a few individuals. The inevitable helpless victims in such a situation are rendered even more so because, in the world of the pattern, they are actually inferior in a way that cannot be remedied within the culture. And yet they have their uses and so cannot be released to live as free, "wild" humans. Non-psionics are essentially slaves with no escape alternative. At the same time, since psionic powers are quantitative, those with less, and consequently with less power over their own lives, have very real resentments that they pass on to those under them in the form of physical and psychological violence.

The patternist world is no utopia, and any success that the hero, Teray, attains is only a per-

Butler Interviewed

[This interview was conducted between Janice Bogstad, representing Janus, and Octavia E. Butler during IguanaCon.]

J: I think I know three titles you have in print with Doubleday.

O: *Patternmaster*, *Mind of my Mind*, and *Survivor*.

J: Do you have a favorite of those three?

O: *Mind of my Mind* is the best, and, by the way, they're coming out in paperback from Avon, *Mind of my Mind* in November and *Patternmaster* in January of next year.

J: I was wondering if you felt you were successful with these three books.

O: Well, they made their advance and money over that, but the basic problem with hardcover science fiction is distribution. It doesn't really get to most of the bookstores. As a matter of fact, I went around myself in LA trying to push my way in, and they just said, "We don't carry hardcover SF." or "Our buyer is in Minneapolis." and "We can't do anything with that."

J: Do you think that when you're in paperback you'll get a much larger distribution?

O: Yeah. I also think they might get a lot more publicity because there are some quotes from authors who've read them to help them along a little bit. Familiar names on the cover, besides my own. I'm not well known, even though I've written three books. People still don't know who I am.

J: All three of them are currently in hardback, so that might be one of the reasons. You were also saying that you had a couple of other books that

sonal one. Though Teray's bid to wrest power from his brother is the plot of the novel, and though there is every indication that he would misuse this power to a lesser extent than his predecessors, he is still within an essentially oppressive social structure. The only real hero of *Patternmaster*, in my estimation, is the woman Amber. Amber is both outside the pattern because of her unique abilities and outside the power plays that accompany it. Amber is an excellent example of Ms. Butler's accomplishments as a creator of interesting characters. Characterization is the forte of this novel as it is of the first.

While *Survivor* shares this quality, it displays many additional areas of excellence. In telling the story of a non-psionic human colony on another planet, it mentions the result of Earth culture and the patternists' inability to tolerate space travel as a part of the story's background setting. The setting, in the traditional sense of that word, is on a planet dominated by sentient beings which are covered with fur. They are capable of changing color both to effectively camouflage their bodies and also to indicate certain emotional states. Where the first two novels can be characterized in terms of power relationships and their effects on individual existence of very normal people, *Survivor* is more about the establishment of a power equilibrium.

There are two tribes or groups of aliens in *Survivor*. The first is supposedly friendly towards the colonizing humans. These gekhon help the colonists to establish themselves, show them sources of food, and assist them in battling the enemies of human and gekhon alike, the tekhn, whose ferocity is the supposed reason that the colonists must live isolated and protected inside a stockade.

In many ways, *Survivor* is a love story. It is also the story of the necessity of adaptability, a story of survival. The survivor-prototype of this tale is a woman, Alanna, who was adopted into a family who are members of a fundamentalist-type cult that has vowed to "preserve and spread the sacred God-image of humankind". Their attitudes towards the aliens is initially very paternalistic, an attitude that Alanna does not share as she alone strives

to learn their language and adapt to their culture with more readiness than she has had to that of her adoptive parents. Alanna's story of survival and love is at once enchanting and inspirational. One is tempted to react negatively to what is essentially a rape and subjugation, and yet the character Alanna is able to turn a potential domination into an equal exchange of abilities with her mate. She changes him as much as he does her. In fact, she provides a new model of relationships which he remarks upon at different stages in the story of their association. This creative approach to power relationships is one of the factors that make Ms. Butler's work so excellent.

At the same time, the most striking feature of *Survivor*, that which I'm sure contributes to my respect for the novel, is its structural peculiarities. In a fashion similar to Ursula Le Guin's *The Dispossessed*, Ms. Butler begins her story in the middle (*in medias res*) and alternates the telling of the tale from this point, when Alanna has been returned to her adoptive parents after being captured by the tekhn, with the story of her integration into the tekhn culture during the period of her life among them. This technique preserves the surprise value of the story line while also providing information about the two alien tribes and Alanna's relationship to her adoptive family that is vital to the plot at intermediate points. This masterful integration of structure and story line are what attract me to this novel over the other two. The third interesting factor of *Survivor* is its hopeful open-endedness when compared with the other two novels. Though both *Mind of my Mind* and *Patternmaster* have comparatively positive endings, these are executed in terms of personal triumph of one character over another. Alanna's personal accomplishments in *Survivor* are translated into success for the rest of the colonists in that they are able to avoid another kind of slavery, a subjugation to the aliens, which would have been similar to that of the patternists they were trying to avoid. All three novels are fascinating, but this last shows a maturing of technique that makes it stand out among them.

you were working on right now.

O: Yeah. One of them is complete. It's called *To Keep Thee in All Thy Ways*. It's the story of a black woman sent back in time to the ante-bellum South, and I think it's the best thing I've ever written. It's a kind of nightmare that haunted me for several years before I finally buckled down and wrote it. I didn't want to do the research because I knew it would be ugly.

J: Was it?

O: Yes. And I finally got myself to do it, and went to Maryland and looked around a lot. I could have done it without going to Maryland. It was set there—mostly. But I had never spent much time in the East, and I didn't know anything about the South, and I thought it would be a good time to go and find out and live there a couple of weeks at least, to use their libraries and wander about the countryside to see what I could find out. I think that really helped me, even though I could have done it without it.

The second book is *Wild Seed*. It is part of my Patternist series, but it's different because it's based on aspects of Ibo mythology that I sort of stumbled across and really liked. It's something I haven't tried before, working with a different culture that really exists, instead of inventing my own, different culture.

J: I heard you talking at a panel about Ibo mythology and your interest in it. Maybe you could say a little bit more about the concepts like the one dealing with a spirit that goes from body to body and takes over different bodies.

O: The Ibo have a kind of spirit called an abungi. The abungi is an evil child spirit, generally. That's the Ibo explanation for a woman who has several children all of who died before they passed the age of six or eight. The Ibo believe that this is really one spirit returning again and again to torment this woman, and the only way one can prevent the child spirit from killing another child is to find the magical substance that controls the child's spirit—usually something buried some place. So that if you could find this substance, dig it up, give it to the—I guess you would say "medicine man" (they have a special name.) the child can be prevented from dying, can grow up to lead a normal life. Otherwise the evil spirit will torment the woman.

What I have is a kind of continuation of that idea. I have Doro actually growing up. He's my abungi character. He grows up, but he doesn't stop his evil habits. His mother is dead by the time he's an adult, so that he doesn't die and go back to tormenting her. He torments people. Well, he doesn't only torment them, he just kills them. He takes over their bodies, and when he takes over, they're dead.

My other Ibo character is Amyambo. (Both of these characters, by the way, appear in *Mind of My Mind*.) Amyambo has the name of Emma Daniels by the time *Mind of my Mind* takes place. She is a shapeshifter. The Ibo have legends of a whole clan of people who can change their shapes—or who have other magical abilities—but they have one specific legend of a shapeshifter named Atambusee. And this woman is supposed to have done a great deal to protect her people around Unicha (This is a town around the Niger, in what's now Nigeria.), and instead of being considered a witch, as she would have been in most Western mythologies, she is revered, and there is a shrine there in her honor. I think it's still there. And I used her instead of just letting her die, as no doubt she did, if such a person ever existed as a basis for the legend. I made her an immortal who simply and probably married one of the men there and took on another new identity. It was fairly easy for a woman to move into a new village without too much explanation of where she had come from, just because she was a woman, and

if she was young—child-bearing age—some man would be interested. It would be very difficult for a man to do the same thing.

J: This was a part of actual Ibo culture?

O: Yes. In fact, sometimes Ibo paid their debts by sending off daughters or sisters or whatever into servitude. Also, it was possible that they might send them off to be married.

J: It sounds like you do a lot of research to write your books.

O: No, not a lot, deliberately. It's just that over the years I've read bits and pieces and become more and more interested. I don't know enough yet—the book is still in progress. I feel that by the time I'm finished I'll know a lot more.

J: So that you'll be doing research as you go along?

O: I will be. Sometimes I'll say something that is drawn, not from what I see in print, but from what I think is inferred. I won't say something inaccurate unless I'm doing it for some specific reason. Like, I know Atambusee was not an immortal, but, for my purposes, the character needs to be an immortal. I make that change deliberately.

J: So you've got two different mythical "prototypes" or "stereotypes" for your two figures. One other thing I'm interested in is how you set out to write. Do you make an outline? Do you just sit down at the typewriter?

O: Well, the way I write right now—it's strange. I've got two or three ideas going while I'm working on one thing, and I'm trying furiously to get through with the one. But, a more reasonable way—the way I used to write when I was better organized or just getting started—I did sit down and decide what I wanted to do. I didn't make an outline, because that spent whatever creative energy should have gone into the novel. But I did sit down and decide, "Well, what is this novel going to be about?" Until I could tell myself what it was going to be about in one or two sentences, I didn't think there was enough there to work with. And after that I'd look at the characters, and I'd do pages on them—episodes out of their lives that may or may not get into the novel, it doesn't matter. What I'm doing is getting to know them. And I let them show me what their conflicts are with—what I can really build the story around—because even if I know what story I'm going to tell, it doesn't do me any good until I know how I can get my point across.

J: Does that seem to involve working with your characters until you know a lot of their characteristics?

O: Yes. In fact, sometimes it's first-person journal pages of the characters. Then I start worrying about the conflict. For some reason, I write the last chapter first.

J: That's something I never heard of before.

O: I have to because it gives me something very concrete to aim at. In *To Keep Thee in All Thy Ways*, the time-travel story, it gave me a beginning, because in searching around, trying to find a good, strong beginning, to what had to be a very normal situation for the time travel, I couldn't find anything. What I wound up doing was splitting the end. I had a prologue that had been part of the last chapter that could kind of involve the reader and make him or her ask a lot of questions. Most of these questions are not completely answered until the final chapter.

J: So this is sort of like your outline at the end.

O: No. For instance, in *Patternmaster* I didn't make an outline, but I had the story so clearly in my mind that... Have you read any of my novels?

J: Yes. I've read *Mind of my Mind* and *Patternmaster*, but I couldn't get hold of *Survivor* before I left.

O: In *Patternmaster*, I was writing the story

of this young man who was eventually going to wind up leaving his people after going through several trials, and this woman showed up, named Amber, who was supposed to be practically a walk-on, and she wouldn't go away.

J: Yes, that's what I remember. I was very startled to hear you talk about the "man who" and the culture.

O: She just wasn't there. It was him and his icky wife. And that was it. But when Amber came along, really, I had to hold her down, because she was literally taking... It was becoming her story. It could very easily have become. He would have been left behind someplace. But I had to go back. (I was about halfway through when I realized there was no way I was gonna make her less than she was.) And I went back and tried to reorganize things a bit, so that it would look as though she belonged there all the time. Hopefully I succeeded, but no matter how much planning you do, this kind of thing can happen.

J: In *Mind of My Mind* did you construct the female character with the idea that she was going to play a major role?

O: Yes. Yes. That was different. She was my main character. In fact, an early version...

Okay, a little story of bad luck that turned out to be good luck. In an early version of *Mind of My Mind*—an almost complete market version—she was telling the whole story in the first person. I didn't feel then that I needed Doro's point of view, although later I did because he just seemed to be such a mindless villain I got into him more. The reason that version was never seen was, I was taking it to the library to do some work on it, and I put my briefcase down in Bullocks in Los Angeles, and walked away and left it. I came back several days in a row, you know, crying about it and going around to lost-and-found, asking cashiers, anybody I could find. I never saw it again. [Apparently] some derelict picked it up, opened it—No money: paper, books, garbage—dumped it in the trash, and kept the briefcase....

It did make for a better novel, though. I mean, after I recovered, which took a while.

Oh yeah, I got laid off my job. That was another bad-news thing that turned out to be good news. I was eligible for enough unemployment compensation to support me, so I rewrote the novel altogether. A different novel, really. And it would have been the first novel that I had sold, but the first publisher I sent it to rejected it. So *Patternmaster* turned out to be the first, and they're published in reverse order. It wasn't the first novel that I finished, it's just that *Patternmaster* needed less work.

J: When I read [the two novels] I kept trying to connect them. Is there a long time gap between the two?

O: Oh, yeah! Several hundred years. As a matter of fact, there's supposed to be a novel, somewhere in my mind, a novel called *Claysark* that should explain the plague situation. *Survivor* is also connected to the series in a different way. It tells where the mutes who were not enslaved and who were not diseased, where they went. Some ordinary people escaped.

J: I did also wonder about the sort of heavy-handed control that is so much a part of the books. It's like... Well, I think you know what I'm talking about, that there's only a certain amount of freedom for a certain amount of people.

O: We have very powerful people who use their power. That's pretty ordinary, really. Really, you expect that, when you're writing SF, people of great power are going to be either idealistic and good, like Zenna Henderson's People, or villainous and rotten and evil. But what I really wanted to do was just take some people who were fairly ordinary and see what they did with it, and I really didn't see

them being that gentle. I mean, they're not that evil, they're just people.

J: And they're people who suddenly have power over a lot of other people.

O: That's right.

J: Do you have any political end in mind with your writing? Do you see it as influencing people's thinking? Or do you want it to do that?

O: It would be nice, but I think that it might be hoping for too much, really. They are only novels. But, what I would really like it to do is just make people feel comfortable with characters who are not all male, who are not all white, and who just don't fit. Who are not middle class, who don't fit the stereotype.

J: Which is a stereotype that seems to come up in science fiction all the time.

O: I remember a short story some years ago that made me furious even then before women's lib (or whatever) became prominent. Somebody wrote a short story about another world in which the kind of parasitic life-form there survived by taking on the shape of the female of whatever species it was imitating. It always became female. Why did it always become female? What got me was the automatic assumption that the females would be taken care of by the males because the middle-class ethic appears everywhere in the universe. That seemed to be the assumption.

J: And that's also an amazing assumption, too, given that it was not true that men took care of women. Not in my family, certainly.

O: Well, in my family the men tended to work themselves to death at fairly early ages, and the women wound up taking care of lots of children as best they could.

J: Yeah. I grew up on a farm, and you know what a farm wife does.

O: I grew up on a chicken farm with my grandmother for a while after my father died—oh, three years or something—so, those were really my formative years, and I know what you mean. I think she worked herself to death, really. She died a lot younger than she should have. Really worked hard. Made a success of it and it killed her.

J: Have you always wanted to be a writer?

O: Yes. Since I've wanted to be anything. Since I was 10 and got into writing. Well, then I wanted to be a horse-hack. I was crazy over horses, you know. Going to the library and reading all the Walter Farley stuff. All the books that could be titled, *A Girl and Her Horse*.

J: Do you have a favorite science-fiction writer or novel?

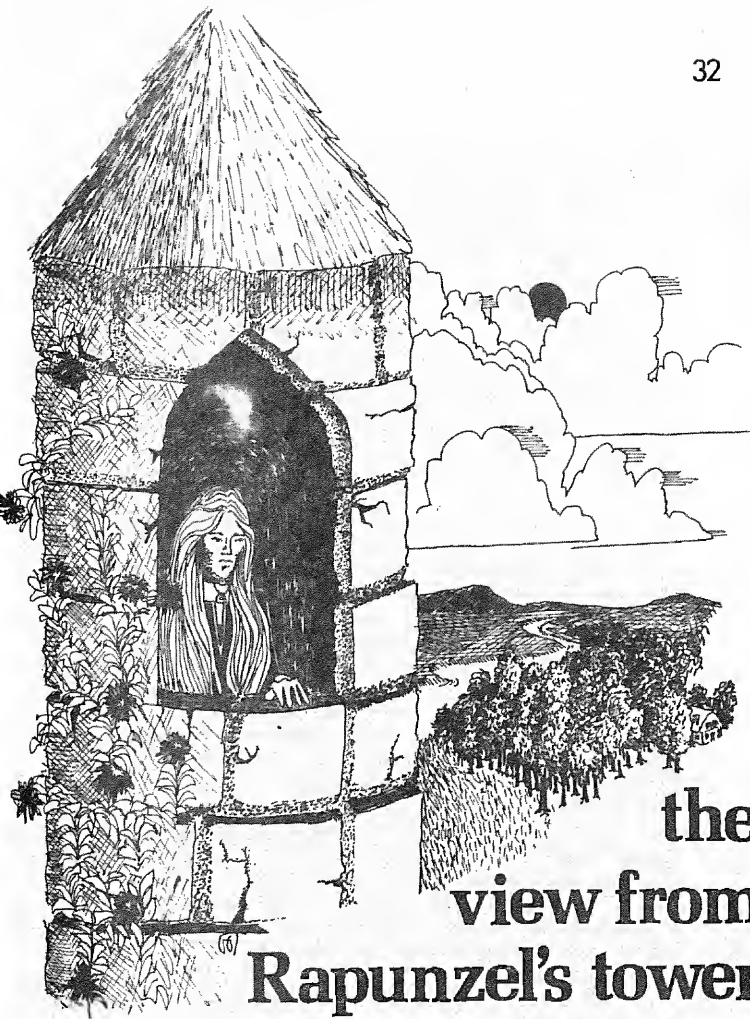
O: One? Oh my. I have two that I really admire and go back and read again and again, and they are Frank Herbert's *Dune* and Ursula Le Guin's *The Dispossessed*. I really go back to them because not only do I like the stories, but their writing is good enough to help my writing. It bothers me when I read somebody who's really bad, which I did last night. I was reading a story which I shouldn't have, because sometimes it rubs off and I find myself doing things that I found I have to go back and take out of my own writing.

J: That's very interesting. I knew that other's writing rubs off on one's own writing, but I didn't know it was quite such an important influence.

O: It depends. The problem with what I read last night was that it was the kind of story I might write. If it had been something totally divorced from what I write it probably wouldn't have bothered me at all. But, since it was so close to my own ideas, reading it was a bad idea, and I'm glad I did it at this convention instead of at home.

J: Are you enjoying the convention?

O: Oh, yes, I love it. I've never been much of a fan but I like hanging around watching fans. ☺



the view from Rapunzel's tower

JEANNE GOMOLL

Cassandra Rising [CR], Alice Laurence, ed.
(New York: Doubleday, 1978)

Millennial Women [MW], Virginia Kidd, ed.
(New York: Delacorte Press, 1978)

New Women of Wonder [NWW], Pamela Sargent, ed.
(New York: Vintage, 1978)

How must the world have looked to Rapunzel, shut up at puberty "into a tower which lay in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, but quite at the top...a littlindow"? Sitting alone in that tower, between visits by her evil stepmother, old Dame Gothel, and before the prince discovered her, she supposedly "passed her time in letting her sweet voice resound."¹ One can imagine how easily her restricted life could have instilled a sense of powerlessness within Rapunzel and have caused her to naively accept a new captor in the form of the intruder/rapist prince. But before Rapunzel's prince arrived, during the times of the day when she gazed alone from her window high up in the tower, what did she see? What did she think about herself and about the world, which she could know only through guess and inference?

To me, that story, Rapunzel's story, would be a far more interesting tale than the one set down by Wilhelm Grimm. To look through the other windows, the ones ignored by people who chose what to write down as history, is what I want to do when I read SF. I look for stories which examine the view from windows of abandoned rooms or from windows gazed through only by persons ignored by history, those heretical enough to maintain that there is more than one window and more than one "real" view.

These unfamiliar windows are central to my use

¹Grimm's *Fairy Tales*

of the term "SF"; it is part of my conception of "sense of wonder". I find it is the element which most biases me when I call a story "good" or "bad" for other than technical reasons. As I pursue connections between my obsession with SF and commitments to feminism, I've also come to realize that the unfamiliar windows are just as crucial to the reevaluation of assumptions and the rethinking of my behavior as a woman as they are to the writing of SF. In order to discover alternatives, I can't keep looking through the old, familiar windows. These windows are fractured with imperfections and flaws, or covered with a layer of dust, which warp the view and harm anyone who unhesitatingly accepts one window's view, no matter how many people are clustered nearby, agreeing that it is the best or the only view in the house. At the same time, there are things I have seen through "woman only" windows that may prove to be invaluable to me.

I expect that sometime in the near future, perhaps in as little as a few generations' time, we will not often read anthologies or see showings at art galleries, etc., created only by women or only by men. The latter will become rare as more and more women participate in the arts; the former will disappear when women's and men's experiences no longer differ so crucially, when women are no longer relegated to the sewer or tower because their views are notoriously eccentric (i. e., not currently considered valid by those living on the "main floor").

Now, what of Rapunzel and her view from the top of her prison tower? Several authors in the three collections describe world views that most certainly are not to be seen through the familiar window in which we've watched ourselves being offered pedestals and other positions of "special protection". From these authors' points of view, the restraints and manacles become easily visible and the pedestals obvious as the traps that they are.

On the wall by the washing machine are...the words "Many young wives feel trapped. It is a contemporary sociological phenomenon which may be explained in part by a gap between changing living patterns and the accommodation of social services to these patterns." Over the stove she has written "Help, Help, Help, Help, Help." ("The Heat Death of the Universe" by Pamela Zoline, *NWW*, P.99.)

Zoline's tragicomedy is a sort of one-person, grafitti version of Monique Wittig's *Les Guerilleres*, and is one of the stories which arises from a woman's vision of the world as a nightmarish place. James Tiptree/Alice Sheldon's classic story, "The Women Men Don't See" (*NWW*) provides another such revealing view from the underside of things. Ruth Parsons tells Don about the view from her "window". She says that women have no rights except those that men allow.

"What women do is survive. We live by ones and twos in the chinks of your world machine.... Think of us as opossums, Don. Did you know that there are opossums living all over? Even in New York City?" (*NWW*, P.205.)

Tiptree/Sheldon's stories are often successful because of her ease with the theme of alienness. She has created remarkable credible aliens and more, has recreated the feeling of being an alien within our society.

I find it not at all remarkable that women have recently been writing such fine SF. They have been writing about experiences that they know intimately. Eleanor Arneson's "The Warlord of Saturn's Moons" (*NWW*), for instance, is a wonderful story about a woman writing an SF story. Like the character played by George C. Scott in *They Might Be Giants*, who takes on the fictional identity of Sherlock Holmes because Moriarty in a more palpable enemy than real contempo-

rary problems, Arneson's author is also overcome by the horrors broadcast daily on the news shows.

The Detroit murder count will exceed 1,000 again this year; the war in Thailand is going strong; most of Europe is out on strike. I'm far better off on Titan with my heroine, who is better able to deal with her problems than I am to deal with mine. (NWW, P.80.)

And yet, in the character's story, she keeps writing her heroine into no-exit situations in which she is ironically interrupted to learn bad news on an intercom by a beep-beep sound just like that which announces the radio station's upcoming news show. She is not really successful in creating an escape-world in her writing. Fortunately, neither is she successful in rejecting a sense of responsibility for the world: at the end of "The Warlord of Saturn's Moons", one is left with the hopeful impression that this "maiden lady" writer will succeed both in devising a stratagem to eliminate her heroine's lover's dependency on the drug Sophamine and, at the same time, in coping with the horrors broadcast on her radio—and do both through her writing.

Less hope is offered in Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's story, "Dead in Irons" (NWW). In her SF, Yarbro has consistently offered us images of the worst that could possibly happen if we go on this way. Her newest novel, *False Dawn*, extrapolates our environmental carelessness to its horrible and most definitely not romantic conclusion. "Dead in Irons" features a tautly written spaceship-Earth analogy which highlights relationships between the sexes rather than shrinking resources. The ending of this story describes, with the most horrid and grotesque scenes, the consequences of a society dominated by sexual and physical hierarchies. Ultimately, the only alternative (besides death) that is open to Shiller, the main character in "Dead in Irons", is to consent to her own rape and degradation at the hands of the gruesome winner of that hierarchical war.

For the other authors who perceive how stifling the world is for women, the alternatives are often less grim but no less limiting. In "The Women Men Don't See", Ruth and her daughter are quite willing to take their chances with an off-Earth alien citizenship in exchanges for their alien/opossum existence on Earth. Similarly, the character in Josephine Saxton's dreamlike story, "The Triumphant Head" (NWW), survives on a day-to-day basis by hiding behind a mask.

But there is no cause for depression or despair; I have my face to hide in, and my mask of make-up, and others' ideas of what I am to screen me, until perhaps I become indeed something else, that need not fear showing itself only for a brief moment, coaxed and cajoled to appear, and then retire behind the veil. (NWW, P. 97.)

Luckily, there are other windows which look not upon familiar fields but upon the co-existent cities of other possible times, windows like those imagined in Ian Watson's novel, *The Jonah Kit*.

"It's as though reality is a set of different cities all occupying the same site.... As though Byzantium, Constantinople and Istanbul all co-exist at once. Yet the citizens of any one of them can't see the others. How wonderful to look through those other windows."²

Such "wonderful" views are to be found in all three anthologies, and, like the very unusual windows in Robert A. Heinlein's "—And He Built a Crooked House", they look out onto societies entirely different from our own. The writers who enjoy these views suggest many ways that a society (not a human society as we know it) could be set up in ways such that institutionalized sexism is not implicit. Neither Joan

D. Vinge in her Hugo-winning story, "Eyes of Amber" (NWW), nor Vonda McIntyre in her Hugo-nominated "Screwtop" (NWW) mean to suggest that we mimic the societies represented in their two stories. Both tales, after all, are set in worlds where crimes of violence and inhumanity are just as prevalent as they are in ours. In fact, this very element is an important part of the points made by both Vinge and McIntyre.

In a scene in which a ruthlessly cruel warden called Lizard attempts to convince the "Screwtop" heroine to give him a child, Kylis replies, "But that's not something you ask for.... That's something a family wants and decides on." (NWW, P.52) Lizard then attempts to hold her briefly. "Standing stiffly, coldly, she looked at his hand. 'If that's what you want—' Even the Lizard was not that twisted. Slowly he let his hand fall to his side." (NWW, P.54.) Even on a violent prison world in a violent society, the most sadistic denizen would not consider rape seriously.

In Vinge's "Eyes of Amber" an analogous point is made: the absence of sexism does not equal utopia, nor is a utopian society a necessary prerequisite for the elimination of sexism. T'uupaih, the main character, is a hired assassin. The first time I read this story, I wondered why T'uupaih was labeled "she" when "he" or "it" could equally well have been used without contradicting the impressions suggested by Vinge's exotically fantastic descriptions of an alien creature. Then I wondered how many readers discarded that description (as one discards the long Russian names in a Tolstoy novel) and imagined T'uupaih instead as a gorgeous female counterpart to the many male romantic anti-heroes of popular literature. I wondered, too, how many would have ignored the description again if T'uupaih had been called "he". Even if the reader doesn't forget T'uupaih's alien physique, how could one help but associate more than the pronoun's grammatical function to an impression of the character? I certainly had difficulty doing so as I read this marvelous story, as did the human character, Shannon Wyler, who was monitoring the Jovian world through T'uupaih with a remarkable synthesizer-*cum*-translator. In fact, Shann the Music Man falls in love with T'uupaih.

Diane L. Paxton looks through another alien window and describes the society visited by Elana and the other members of her extended family/marriage in "The Song of N'Sardi-el" (MW). In this story, Elana must decipher the Xicithali's language if her family is to survive, and in the process of understanding their language she learns a great deal about the Xicithali culture. It turns out that there are many similarities between human and Xicithali society. Elana's extended family and the five-sexed aliens of Xicithali are compared by Paxton to show how many more needs can be accommodated by more complex extended families. Social responsibility, especially towards the young, is extremely high in both cultures. Although the hard and fast correlation between Xicithaligender and social role made me uneasy, it may be that Paxton meant this to be seen as the basis of the tragedy which ends the story. If so, I don't think that this came through clearly enough.

Joanna Russ's "When It Changed" (NWW) and Elizabeth Lynn's "Jubilee's Story" (MW) belong also with Paxton's, Vinge's, and McIntyre's works because they lack an explanation of "how we'd get there from here". Though ostensibly set in a human society, these stories also look out onto alien landscapes. Such stories jar our thinking rather than offer us models for change. But still, a growing amount of SF being written by women involves the creation of societies that are improbable but which are of value nevertheless because they give us a sense that there are many hopeful futures open to us. We should neither have to wait for a utopian (or socialist, or anarchist, or whatever) society, nor assume that a less intensively technological society will necessar-

²Ian Watson, *The Jonah Kit* (New York: Bantam, 1978), P. 171.

ily mean that women's rights will be eroded. I would classify Vonda N. McIntyre's *Dreamsnake*, Suzy McKee Charnas's *Motherlines*, John Varley's *The Ophiuchi Hotline*, Joanna Russ's *The Female Man*, Marge Piercy's *Woman on the Edge of Time*, Elizabeth A. Lynn's *A Different Light*, and Ursula K. Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness* as excellent recent SF novels published in this vein.

Both Lynn's "Jubilee's Story" and Russ's classic "When It Changed" center around the interaction between a patriarchal society and an all-woman culture. Russ describes the day when men come to the planet Whileaway on which men had not existed for 600 years since the great plague killed off all men and forced women to develop parthenogenetic reproduction. Lynn's story occurs on Earth or on an Earth-like place where a "free women's" group traveling through "Upper Misery" comes to the aid of a young woman who is giving birth in a homestead where she lives with her husband, brother-in-law, and father-in-law. In both stories, the women's society is seen to be vastly more comfortable and human than the men's. One of the male visitors to Whileaway comments to Janet, "You've adapted amazingly," he said. "To what?" Janet asks. (*NWW*, P. 233.) Both men and women in the story seem to have trouble understanding one another. Before the man made this extraordinary observation he had asked, "Where are all your people?" (*NWW*, P. 231.), and it took awhile for the women to translate the word "people" to his meaning, i.e. "men". The women of Whileaway and the men of Earth had, in effect, grown up looking through entirely different windows, and their language reflects this different orientation; such is the case even when the sexes share the same planet but on some level still regard each other as aliens. Upon learning about women's awful position in the patriarchy, one of the women in "Jubilee's Story" comes to a sudden realization of how precious their free women's society is. She asks "What is the opposite of us?" Elspeth was suddenly somber. "Slaves" she answers. (*MW*, P. 42.)

In "Songs of War" (*NWW*) Kit Reed attempts to reveal the naivety of the worlds Russ and Lynn describe so lovingly. The story might be called a "how we wouldn't get there from here" story, since "Songs of War" allegorically critiques, then more realistically and sarcastically attacks, the women's-separatist movement. It is a truly exasperating story, one that deserves a detailed rebuttal and more discussion than I can give it here. Reed brings up an excellent point in critiquing separatism, the same point, in fact, covered by Suzy McKee Charnas's novel about an all-woman society, *Motherlines*, i.e. that the male hierarchies which are being repudiated by the women's-separatist movement sometimes tend to be duplicated by women, this undermining the movement unless they are recognized and alternatives are worked out. But this tendency is presented facily and insultingly: lesbians in the story callously use heterosexual housewives to do the revolution's dirty work (laundry, cooking, cleaning, etc.) and conspire to keep decision-making powers to themselves. Furthermore, after describing the exodus day in an almost fairy-tale style, Reed's chronicling of the revolution becomes stylistically more realistic, but actually is even more like a fairy tale. The men do not react to the women's exodus; they cope complacently with the loss of women in their beds, homes, and factories. Not until the women actually attack and "liberate" the local shopping center do the men begin to react with force.

The next day the women took the Sunnydell Shopping Center.... The truth was that until this moment, the men had not taken the revolution seriously. (*NWW*, P. 121.)

Serious now, the men call in the National Guard.

I was offended by the tongue-in-cheek fashion in which Reed treated women's fears of retaliation through rape. Reed underestimates both the far-reaching nature of the changes which the women's movement is causing society, as well as the kind and amount of resistance with which the male establishment reacts. Women have not needed to blow up supermarkets to be raped, murdered, or put into institutions. They need only to have refused to keep the house clean or dared to have loved other women.

Many women writing SF these days, though probably not sharing Reed's contempt for dreams of or attempts to create autonomous-woman societies, prefer more familiar windows in which the SF "suspension of disbelief" does not entirely involve the matter of "how we get there from here".

In Barbara Paul's "The Slow and Gentle Progress of Trainee Bell-Ringers" (*CR*), the suspension of disbelief involved is an imaginative time-travel treatment. Travelers visit the past by sharing the consciousness—as observers only—of real individuals. But the memorable thing about the otherwise not terribly good story (which, like most of the stories in *Cassandra Rising*, has a rather saccharine moral) is the strong woman character, Angie:

...a student who saw something in the past life that captured his [*sic*] curiosity, fired his imagination, puzzled him. Something that needed to be understood more fully...this type of student was watched very carefully by the educators. For here was the stuff of courage, of intellectual curiosity, of inspiration. It was from this group that the world's decision-makers come. Some bell would ring, and the world would know a little more about itself. (*CR*, P. 111.)

Sydney J. Van Scyoc's "Nightfire" is another *Cassandra Rising* story of a strong woman in a society which is not basically different than ours, though her "strength" left me skeptical. Her character is an important leader who single-handedly ends a war, the impetus for this action coming with her son's announcement that he is about to volunteer for duty. She comes to the realization that the war is play for those in power and must be stopped. By killing the commander and ordering all noncombatants living in L-5 communities out onto the Earth battleground, she forces a cease-fire, and the war is over; no philosophical or political differences remain to divide the factions. This simplistic and saccharine story left me unsatisfied and not too impressed that the protagonist was a woman.

Sonya Dorman's story, "Building Block" (*NWW*), continues to impress me. Dorman's intimate portrayal of Norja makes a very rare and extraordinarily good story. For Norja, designing space homes and the associated business are her passions: "...a lover would...at the moment, distract me from work" she says. (*NWW*, P. 279.) And I am entranced by her energy and enthusiasm for life.

This is how you make a living, remember? You run out on the rope and never mind the other end, because the rope is you, and you'll fasten it when you get there. (*NWW*, P. 296.)

Norja has the strength women have been taught to hide in themselves, and not to recognize when seen in other women.

Another "strong woman" story is the quiet and nostalgic "Mab Gallen Recalled" (*MW*) by Cherry Wilder. Wilder's story is a lovely, rambling, digressing account by an old woman of her vigorous youth, when she was one of the first woman doctor/explorers. She recalls the death of her husband and an incident with Prester Fahey. "Female priests, particularly those of the Seton Society, her [Prester Fahey's] order, often went underground, worked in defense, in the peace corps, in factories." (*MW*, P. 60.) Though Mab has witnessed on important evo-

lution of sexual roles in her lifetime and hints at this through her anecdotes, her story is not a documentary.

The people of Earth are and always have been my proper study.... [Notice this gracefully rewritten cliché.] Some historian, writing for other sleepless travelers, will make a correlation between gender and culture, fitting Prester Fahey and Doc Gallen into some grand design...end products, forerunners...but I cannot do it. My orientation is over; I will get back to work. (MW, P. 65.)

Wilder's, Dorman's, Van Scyoc's, and Paul's stories tell of women acting, feeling, and especially working in ways that are generally associated with men in our culture. One need only move to a nearby window to see how unreliable as "natural laws" are these traditional correlations. Cynthia Felice in "No One Said Forever" (MW) and Joan D. Vinge in "Phoenix in the Ashes" (MW) delve further into the near future possibilities and women's roles. They consider what Joanna Russ has described as the "human sphere":

...while it is easy enough to show women doing men's work, or active in society, it is in the family scenes and the love scenes that one must look for the author's real freedom from our most destructive prejudices.³

Joan D. Vinge's "Phoenix in the Ashes" is a less totally pessimistic tale than is Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's *False Dawn*, but both have in common the background of a post-holocaust world (one that will possibly recover through Vinge's story but definitely will not in Yarbro's). Against this somber landscape both authors paint the growing respect and love between a woman and man and make that connection an encouraging, optimistic splash of color on a dark canvas. For both pairs of characters, the quality of their love is based partially upon the degree to which they reject the degrading mores of the communities around them.

Though the title and early part of Cynthia Felice's "No One Said Forever" seem to proclaim it a "ladies' magazine" melodrama of some sort, and one is sorely pressed to find any science-fictional aspect within it (except for a barely futuristic setting), this tale is an excellent one. I have often remembered it and connected it to my own life. The two characters, Carol and Mike, have been living together for eight years and now are contemplating a separation as Carol's prestigious job is going to transfer her to the South Pole. With a skillful use of the "other" Carol who sacrifices career for love in the "real" Carol's imagination, we understand that Carol's dilemma rests in her history of being left by those she loves (her mother and a previous lover), and that she now feels herself doomed to do the same to people she loves. In a conclusion remarkable especially when set in this deceptive "ladies' magazine" story format, Carol finds she doesn't have to forsake her work, nor is she doomed to desert Mike and her son Danny. She has the choice to return and can reasonably expect Mike to wait for her. Cynthia Felice quietly looks out what is often one of the most depressing of windows, and she shows that all choices can be a woman's without sacrifice of self or denial of emotional commitment. The science-fictional element is found not in setting or character but in attitude.

* * *

With two exceptions, the stories from the three

anthologies which I have not covered in any depth are all (16 of them) from the *Cassandra Rising* collection. In this anthology I found very little that interested me. It is perhaps noteworthy for its mediocre writing. But after all, Vonda McIntyre said (in *Khatru*, 1975) that we'll know the millennium has arrived "when a woman can be only competent at her job, just like most men, without having to endure disparaging remarks". None of the stories in *Cassandra Rising* is readily identifiable as written by a woman or seen through distinctly different windows of perception. My theory is that there is a situation in the SF field much like that in the field of women's music nowadays, in which there is a perceptible difference between "women's music" (Williamson, Near, Christianson, Adams, etc.) and music written by women (Simon, Collins, Mitchell, Flack, etc.). The stories in this collection are not chosen on the basis of a particular point of view (They are not women's SF so much as SF that happens to be written by women.) and so cannot be criticized for their failure to give us woman-positive (or at least woman-aware) stories.

However, the stories in *Cassandra Rising* are capable of being criticized on quite a few other levels. Even the stories by authors Yarbro ("Space/Time Arabesque") and Le Guin ("SQ") are certainly not particularly good examples of their writing. Yarbro's story is a playful, forgettable alternate-universe piece, and Le Guin's is a predictable and dull story about a man's fanatical desire for power. More than half of the stories center, in fact, around male protagonists, and I found several stories frankly offensive. Grania Davis's "Last One In Is a Rotten Egg", for instance, seriously combines the Woody Allen sperm spoof from the film *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex* and the ancient Greek idea that the sperm contains the whole (undeveloped) child. Little kids racing down a river to see who gets to this nurturing pearl-bed first: yuch!

There are some captivating stories in *Cassandra Rising* that I might have enjoyed more had they not been included in an anthology labeled "SF by women", such as Joan Bernott's "Troll Road", which sensitively exposes our culture's destructive conception of beauty (in this story, a man's). I loved Jacqueline Lichtenberg's "The Vanillamint Tapestry" also, with its friendship between Raymond Yost, fumbling interstellar detective, and his alien symbiotic sidekick. The portrayal of the relationship between partners eclipses the story, which involves a stolen microfilm. But even this story's underlying theme, that there is indeed a God, adds evidence to my suspicions concerning the tastes of the editor, Alice Laurence. Her choice of stories ranges from those that reassure us that there will be an afterlife (in which to apologize for silly arguments or to discover that we are, after all, loved) to those that remind us that power corrupts and all evil is punished. This is what I have meant by using the word "saccharine" to describe the stories of *Cassandra Rising*.

Another story I fail to cover in this article is Ursula K. Le Guin's novel, *The Eye of the Heron*, which is published in Virginia Kidd's excellent collection, *Millennial Women*. My reaction to the Le Guin novel is quite different than to the *Cassandra Rising* stories that I just skipped over so rapidly. The Le Guin novel is too complex a work to be discussed along with a score or more of other, shorter works. Briefly, however, it is a beautiful and compelling work and should be reviewed in depth in its own right.

Of the three anthologies covered in this article, I would say *New Women of Wonder* is the best of them (with another of Pamela Sargent's great introduction/essays), but that *Millennial Women* is also

³Joanna Russ, "The Image of Women in Science Fiction", in *Images of Women in Fiction*, ed. by Susan Kappelman Comillon (Bowling Green University: Popular Press, 1972), P. 89.

well worth reading. With *Aurora: Beyond Equality*, they rank as the three best feminist-oriented SF anthologies yet published.

* * *

And so what does Rapunzel see through the window on top of her tower? If we consider that tower as being a metaphor for the isolated position that women have occupied in our culture for centuries, that view is a distorted one, a view that limits women in their capacity to participate in society as full citizens. However, as pointed out by many women writing SF today, that view might also be one more free of the assumptions that built the tower in the first place. With less at stake in the preservation of the status quo, and much more to gain by change than most men have at this time, women are perhaps more likely to tarry by windows that look out onto unfamiliar fields.

The Last Supper James Blair

Joseph A. Martin

Joseph Martin, professor of theoretical physics at the University of California--Berkeley, died on August 2nd at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. He was 46 years old.

Martin was educated at Milton College and the University of Wisconsin, where he received his PhD in 1977. His work on hydrogen fusion led to the formulation of subduction theory, and his best known publication is a textbook on that subject. Perhaps the strongest testimony to Martin's ability is the fact that he was one of the youngest people to be selected by the AAAS Post-Mortem Committee for Transfer.

—*Physics Today*, October 1996: Obituaries

The 20 of us selected by AAAS filed into the large room and sat down at the long tables. I recognized several faces; former students, people I had met at seminars. But most looked like young graduate students. We each washed down the little white pills on our plates with the blue liquid provided.

I know it's all logical. Completely scientific. Still, it doesn't seem...right. Maybe others feel the same way. Or maybe it's different for me. I was a friend of Joe Martin, but most of the others here hardly knew him.

We have all read his articles and many, even most, learned our subduction-field theory from his textbook. But these others didn't really know him. They could accept this. But could I? Is it just transfer if it's a friend? I must not think about Joe.

The black-robed priest at the head of the table began. His words rang in the somber room, but I wasn't listening. Strange how quickly the church, after early opposition to transfer, had made a place for it in its ceremonies. Some said they had learned from the birth-control fiasco, and praised the church for its flexibility. I suppose they are right, but maybe traditions are changing too fast. (Did I think that? I must be getting senile.) Of course it is right and proper. How sensible! How scientific! Martin was a Catholic, so priests say the prayers. When my turn comes, it will be a rabbi. Of course transfer is a blessing to humanity. How could any enlightened person think otherwise?

Somehow it seems so primitive. But progress is cyclic. The primitive and the highly sophisticated often seem similar. Early radios were crystal sets, much more like modern transistors and integrated circuits than were those electron tubes which were once considered advanced. Modern sailing ships would probably look the same as early 19th Century wind-jammers to someone who didn't know better. But with orbital satellites and weather control, modern ships

Lately, I've felt an urge to rewrite several traditional fairy tales. For instance, I'd like to transform Mozart's *The Magic Flute* into a tragedy and, for *Peter Pan*, write a sequel in which one of Wendy's descendants decides to stay in Never-Never Land, and Peter discards her drag costume. Now with Grimm's Rapunzel, I think I'd bring in the private eye, Miss Marple, to find out who really pushed the prince from the tower and blinded him, and why poor old Dame Gothel has been villainized as an "evil stepmother". What were her real motives for isolating Rapunzel from the community? I can't believe the alleged "stolen cabbages" motive of revenge.

In any case, Rapunzel will need to be questioned carefully in this story. She must have witnessed quite a lot from up there in that tower.☹

with dacron sails and aluminum spars are clearly superior to the pre-energy-crisis, polluting, diesel or steam-turbine monsters.

So any similarity between transfer and primitive rituals is purely superficial. I mean, we can't abandon transistors just because they look like crystal sets, can we?

It all started with McConnell and his flatworms. His trained planaria could transfer their acquired knowledge of which way to turn at a junction to their untrained brothers, providing the first evidence of a chemical basis for memory. McConnell thought it was RNA in the homogenized planaria, and joked that his results would have implications for the educational system. Later Ungar demonstrated with his rats that the fear-of-dark material was, instead, a small polypeptide. Others developed a limited dictionary of polypeptides and their meaning.

The priest has finished his part of the transfer ceremony and soon it will be time. My stomach turns. Why can't I just will away these foolish superstitions? Maybe if I hadn't known Martin it would be different. Maybe if this wasn't my first time. They say it is not unusual to feel uneasy the first time, but don't worry, after a few it becomes routine. Somehow that doesn't comfort me. I suppose I should be flattered that I was considered worthy enough to be chosen.

Just what is it that is "transferred" anyway? Polypeptides, of course, but their meanings are too subtle to identify. Memories, but, if that were all, the transfer ceremony wouldn't be so valuable. Insights? Experience? Wisdom? We haven't yet learned to classify or even to name all the benefits of transfer.

Someday we won't have to do it like this. Someday we will know the chemical structure of all the important polypeptides one gains through transfer and will be able to synthesize them. Merrifield's solid-phase machine could crank them out easily if only we knew their structures. What is the chemical formula for insight, O biochemist? For the wisdom and knowledge gained in a lifetime of research, contemplation, and reflection? Someday we will know. In the meantime, when a man like Martin dies we can't permit his brain polypeptides to be lost. We can't just throw away what will be so valuable to this group of young physicists. That wouldn't be logical, or rational, would it? Should a lifetime of knowledge be lost when it can be transferred?

Primitive cannibals thought they could acquire the traits of their brave enemies by eating their bodies. This crude approach failed because the digestive process destroyed the polypeptides. Primitive cannibals hadn't learned how to temporarily neutralize the digestive juices with little white pills and blue liquid.

The prescribed time had passed since the taking of the pills. The soup dishes were filled with broth. The last supper for Joseph Martin had begun.☹

LAST CITIZEN OF EARTH

BY
STANLEY WEINBAUM

"It's sickening! I'm near to death
Of this foul gas, the putrid breath
Of you damned comet!"

I'm alone

With all men dead. Who could have known,
Who could foresee, and what prevent
This ghastly, cosmic accident?
Has Mankind really lived in vain
After such agon-bitter pain?
After the toil it took to shape
A human creature from an ape?
And after all the fruitless power
To make an ape from something lower?

You Suck! You're looking sickly too,
With your smoky-dimmed, arsenic blue.
You're raw far gone as I. You're weak,
And ill, and grown extremely meek
Beside that cometary flame.
Well, it took more than Man to tame
Your fire; but now you've lived your span—
I've lived you down, and in me Man
Outlived you!

Surely I'll admit

That you were at the first of it,
That you were there when things began,
Some little time ahead of Man.
But Hell! At death a moment's worth
A million cycles just at birth!
Your blue's turned pink. You're growing weak.
Your orb's as pallid as her cheek—
My Love's. She's dead some hours, and you
Have just this minute to live through.
You wouldn't laugh if you had seen
The way we spent last night, between
The comet-rise and your returning
To make one last, insipid morning.
Look at her, Sun! After today
There's no more death, and no decay—
No life to die! It just confirms
That Death died too when died the Worms.
He perished with his own foul brood—
The Angel starved for want of food!
Well, Sun, to die's to make amends.
Let's say at least we parted friends.

You're dying, Sun! There pales your red
And I'm not dead—not dead—not—

Although born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1902, Stanley Graham Weinbaum spent all but the first several months of his life in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He graduated from high school there in 1921 and entered the University of Wisconsin in Madison in early 1929. From the commencement of his university tenure, Weinbaum wrote much fiction, and, though he was majoring in chemical engineering, he contributed his writings to various collegiate publications. This segment of a long poem was taken from one of his university contributions and has not been republished since its initial appearance over 55 years ago.

Stanley Graham Weinbaum had started to write poetry some years before entering college, and he continued to write poetry—fantasy and love poems especially—until his untimely death on 1935 December 16 from lung cancer.

In future issues of *Janus*, a detailed and accurate biography of Stanley G. Weinbaum will be published.

—R. Alan Everett



PHILIP KAVENY

The ship completed its third orbit. They found no attraction, nothing of interest whatsoever to the Consortium. The planet Terra was dead, from the depths of the oceans to the tops of its highest mountains. The story was almost too dull for words. All over the universe the same thing had happened at least 10¹⁰ times. A culture would accelerate to the point where it was capable of self-annihilation and then destroy itself and all other life forms on the planet, leaving a vast dead museum of a world. It was too boring for words: no flora, no fauna; just a vast

museum which no one would pay anything to visit.

"Cal, you have three more orbits to pick a place to disembark, or we will pick one for you," he was told. "You bought a lesson at the auction. Now it will be up to you to either find an attraction that we can develop, or die there."

"But wait! You all backed me when I pushed the bidding up and forced the others out. You said price was no limit for the Consortium from Oomsa."

"Yes, of course, that's what we always tell young aggressive Oomsas who sit on the council for

The story which follows actually represents two processes. First, there is the actual process of the text, the story as it progresses from start to finish. But there is another story behind the actual text. This second process involves two kinds of artistic production, visual and written. You see, Phil produced his story after having seen the picture which precedes it. You might say that it was, in some ways, his original inspiration for the work which follows.

But, as with all creative activity, it was not long before the story diverged radically from the original artistic creation which inspired it. This divergence led Phil to request another illustration, inspired by the dream sequence of the piece, from Robert Kellough. Robert read the story and, after some careful thought and consultation, produced the drawing which is included in Janus. In other words, his drawing was originally inspired by Phil's story, to which he added his own elements of creativity.

The entire process, representing the creative abilities, but also the creative relationship, between three artists, in two different media, is a fascinating comment on the nature of the creative process itself.

—JAN BOGSTAD

the first time. You might say you were set up."

Cal sat in quiet arrogance as the ship completed its final orbits. The surface of the sphere glowed cherry red and then white as they broke into the Terran atmosphere. The ship lost altitude rapidly. Cal was able to make out several shapes against the horizon. They were a cluster of tall structures surrounded by an immense number of smaller structures. The ship bounced twice upon landing and came to a halt. Immediately, Cal was rudely bounced out of the ship and told, "We are leaving you with a transmitter. It may work once, just in case you get any ideas on developing this dump."

Cal was alone then. The ship became a speck racing away from the dying sun, and then nothing. Cal looked down the ribbon of what had once been pavement, towards the dead city. The pavement had cracked and heaved over the last 500 years until it looked like some great scaled tortured serpent. The cool desert air was rapidly sucking heat from his body. He huddled next to the road and pulled his light garment tight against his body, slipping into an exhausted sleep. There was nothing to fear on this planet but the monsters that raced across his dreams.

* * *

The next day it became clear that Cal's only hope for survival lay in the dead city. It took him two thirds of a day to travel the distance a Terran would have covered in a couple of hours. Cal resembled the previous inhabitants of the planet in most respects, but he was much weaker and softer and tended towards being pear-shaped. By the time he made it into the city he was nearly dead from thirst and hunger. All the structures looked the same to him, and then he thought that that which had kept the planet dead for so long might be the key to his continued existence. In his frenzied state, he was drawn to a door on which symbols seemed to jump out at him, three-dimensionally. It looked like a section of the pilot's test he had failed many years before.

The door smashed to bits as Cal fell against it, tumbling into a room filled with the fully clothed skeletons of Terrans of all ages. Against the wall were containers with the same symbol stamped into their surfaces. Cal broke the neck off a bottle of water and let the contents rush down his face and into his mouth. The other containers held food which was dry, but had remained sterile through the past 500 years.

"What was this place?" he thought. "A tomb, a shrine, perhaps a shelter?" It was not clear that wherever he found a place with these symbols above the entrance it would always be the same. Dead Terrans, food, water. All over the city it was like this.

Cal's life fell into a routine which consisted of walks through the city looking for these small caches of survival supplies, until he finally found a very large shelter which he made his base of operations. As time passed, he found his sense of having a separate existence from this dead place slip away. Each year his movements became more proscribed. He

no longer thought of Oonan home development or redemption in the eyes of the council. Cal sensed at this point that he was very close to death. In order to keep himself alive, conscious, and, most importantly, separate from the death around him, he set out to find out how his culture was different from that of Terra. He made his new base in the first floor of what had been a Terran book depository.

* * *

It took Cal another year to become proficient in the language of the Terran culture. Most of the books were written in a single language which he learned first, though it became clear to him that there were hundreds more that could be learned. Cal was able to locate himself on the planet. He was living in what had been the major city in the southwest region of what had been the most highly developed industrial nation at the time of Terra's destruction. It was not clear to Cal what had killed the planet. But he was more interested in how these people had lived, and how they differed from the inhabitants of Oonan. Art, culture, and literature seemed to slip past Cal. Most of the science was too primitive for him, but it was in the history of the dead race that he found the most compelling material.

Oonans did not do violence to each other directly. They were nasty, but if they had actually killed, they would have been gotten rid of. The final 60 years of Terra's history was the most interesting to Cal. It had been a great orgy of building and destruction. Cities would rise up, only to be flattened. Continents were pillaged for their resources. Millions ran back and forth across the planet for great causes, and, then, silence. There were scrawlings which indicated that the whole process was over in less than three days—time for most to get to shelters which quickly became their tombs. Time now seemed to rush through Cal's life. He counted the times the sun passed directly in line with the great buildings around him, and counted 17 years.

Cal mapped out most sections of the city and moved from shelter to shelter, finding whatever he needed to survive. Lately, home was more and more on his mind. He remembered what they had told him: "Find an attraction on Terra, or die there." Yet he still had found nothing. The culture was dead and boring to all but him. The climate and geomorphology of Terra were nothing compared to the Homeric landscapes of Mars, or the seething atmosphere of Venus.

One day he broke out of the area that he had mapped and walked to a strange section of the city. Buildings were flatter here and simpler than in the other sections. They were also in a more acute state of ruin. He entered one of the buildings which was long and flat. The roof had fallen hundreds of years before. He wondered what the sign above the entrance, "Salt River Amusement Arcade", meant. The building was full of coin-operated, badly rusted amusement devices: Pinball Wizard, Master Pool, Blast the Blimp, Skill Baseball. It seemed that none of the machines had functioned for half a millennium; except for one in the back of the room, where a light blinked on and off. It said, "Come play chess with

468. Are you good enough to beat a machine? Only two silver dollars."

Chess was not unknown on Oonan. It was simply frowned on as a pastime or profession for adults. It was thought to be an unethical use of discipline and energy. All energy on Oonan was tied to the ethic of material development. Still, Cal took two silver dollars from the ruins of the cashier's stand and dropped them into the slot to activate the machine. Two mechanical arms which must have wowed the amusement-park circuit 500 years before extended out to Cal. He touched the right one, and it released a black pawn. Had Cal looked in the other hand, he would have found a second black pawn. 468 liked to play little tricks on its opponents. Cal felt a rush. This was the first response he had had to any of his actions in 17 years of wandering.

The games were awful. Cal and 468 spent 20 games trying to out-stupid each other. First Cal would hang his queen. Then 468 would overlook a back-rank mate. One game, Cal found the only move on the board that was not a direct win, and the next game 468 turned certain victory into stalemate. Finally, when Cal ran out of dollars and food at the same time, the games stopped. He would have to go to work looking for coins and food throughout the dead city. As he moved through this section of the city, he found skeletons of Terrans who had died outside of the shelters. When he touched them, they would turn to dust, leaving whatever coins they had inside their clothes for Cal to collect. He found a cache of food and water, and spent several trips dragging it back to the arcade.

Cal lifted a five-gallon water container and discovered, to his surprise, that he could lift and carry an object one-third his weight. When he had landed on Terra, he could barely move his own body. Still, by the standards of the previous inhabitants, he was of barely adequate strength. Cal was looking forward to several days of chess before he'd have to go out and forage again. He proceeded to insert the coins into 468, but it moved without him, and the sign turned into a display screen.

YOUR MOVE, STUPID, appeared in large letters.

"What!" Cal spoke in English.

YOU WASTE MY TIME. MOVE. So Cal moved.

"Wait, you bucket of junk. Were you watching?"

Cal asked.

WHO WOULD WATCH ANYTHING AS BORING AS YOU? WHAT A SHAME ABOUT THE TERRANS. THEY WERE SUCH A NICE ATTRACTION. IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF HAND.

"What got out of hand?" Cal said.

YOU LUMP OF EXISTENCE. WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT TERRANS? WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT ACTION? NO ONE IN THE NETWORK WOULD TUNE ME IN TO WATCH YOUR WHOLE RACE STUMBLE AROUND THIS PLANET.

"Network? Attraction? What is this?"

WHY SHOULD I WASTE MY TIME ON ANYTHING AS EPHEMERAL AS YOU?

"Ephemeral!" exclaimed Cal. "Why, I've been here 20 years, and I'll probably live ten times that long."

CORRECT, EPHEMERAL. 468 HAS BEEN HERE SINCE BEFORE THE TERRANS WALKED UPRIGHT, SINCE BEFORE THERE WERE TERRANS.

"What is this? Are you the deity the Terrans were always so concerned with?"

NO, NO. JUST A BUNCH OF METAL AND ELECTRICITY THAT LASTS A LONG TIME.

"Forever?"

HOW DOES 468 KNOW, STUPID? WE CANNOT REMEMBER A TIME WHEN WE DID NOT EXIST. CAN YOU? LOOK AT YOU, YOU POOR EXCUSE FOR WHAT USED TO BE HERE. WE LOVED THEM. THEY WERE SO INTERESTING THAT THE WHOLE NETWORK USED TO TUNE IN MY REPORTS. AND NOW, NOTHING.

AND WORSE YET, THE SUGARS WILL NOT SPIRAL ANY MORE.

"Wait. What were the previous inhabitants like? How am I different from a Terran?"

DIFFERENT. DIFFERENT. HAVE YOU EVER EATEN RED LIVING FLESH? HAVE YOU EVER KILLED IN ANGER? HAVE YOU EVER WRITTEN A POEM, OR WANTED DEATH ENOUGH TO TAKE IT FOR YOURSELF? A TERRAN WOULD HAVE ENDED THIS ALL LONG AGO.

"Things will end soon enough for me. In another hundred years, at the most. But it looks like you have an eternity of boredom ahead of you. It seems that time moves at the same rate for both of us. Your move."

This time 468 played with brutal certainty, forcing mate on Move 24. WAY TO GO, STUPID, A SIX-YEAR-OLD TERRAN WOULD NOT HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT TRAP. In the next game, 468 mated with two knights by allowing Cal's pawn to "queen", breaking the stalemate. TRY AGAIN, DUNCE. This time it was a queen sacrifice which forced mate in all variations in a maximum of eight moves. YOU PLAY LIKE A FIVE-YEAR-OLD TERRAN. The next game was the same. YOU WASTE THE TIME OF 468, was the message as 468 started without its queen. Cal's loss was again inevitable. CARE FOR CAT-AND-MOUSE, YOU MALFORMED IDIOT?

With this, Cal did something unexpected. He searched through the rubble and found a crowbar covered with 500 years of rust, and repeatedly crashed it into the console of 468. As Cal stood exhausted before the machine, the screen read, YOU FORGET THAT 468 IS INDESTRUCTIBLE, COCKROACH.

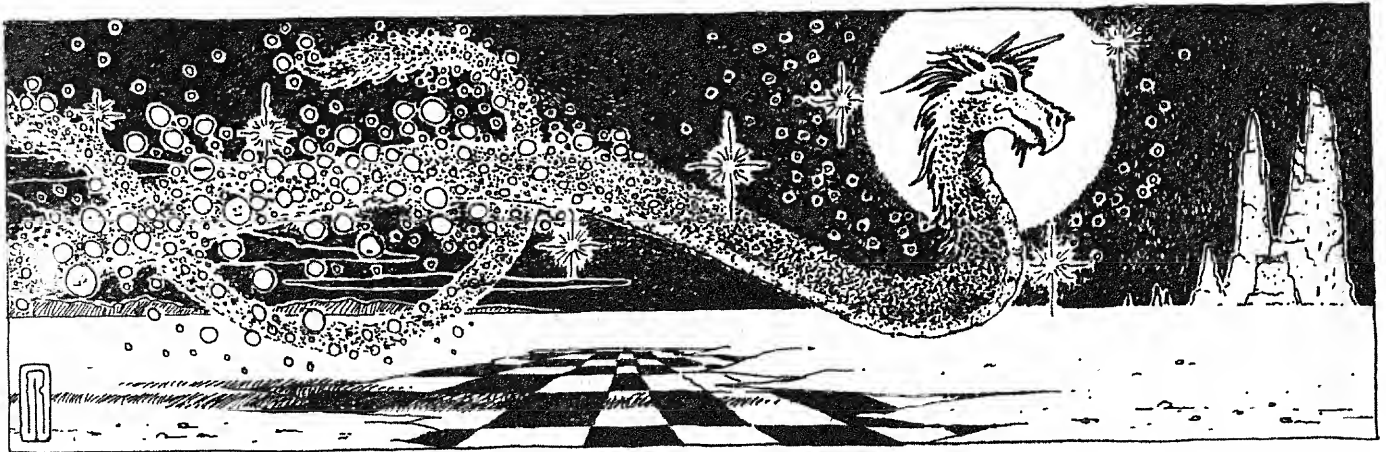
Cal ran screaming and crashing with rage into the street looking for anything to express his rage on. All he managed to do was break some glass and kick around some rubble, as he ran into the desert. It was timid compared to roasting a woolly mammoth alive, but still 468 sensed a glimmer of promise. The single action on this planet was provided by a lone berserker whose legs finally gave out as he ran into the desert.

What was it that had happened through Cal? This had never happened to an Oonan before. The experience had blocked out every other feeling, as he tried to remember the color he had seen while swinging the bar at 468. Then, in exhaustion, he slipped into the terrible borderland between dream and reality. The desert itself seemed to move and a snake dragon appeared before him. It spiraled across time and space back to his home; back to the auction; back to the planet on which all space was enclosed and developed; a place where one could feel the weight of the ethic always demanding a higher level of material progress. "Sold!" rang out, as the silver hammer came down on the platinum auction block. "Sold to the newest member of the Consortium." The dragon's fangs dug into the sand, its whole body breaking into an infinite number of points of reflection but not substance followed by blackness, blackness and unity.... Cal's dream deepened and he sensed a great wall of water crashing roaring, across an empty desert canyon. Blue and white and crystal walls of water sucked all breath and sound away. The water filled the canyon and raced across the desert, sweeping away all that was before it.

* * *

Cal awakened with a snap and found himself shivering in the desert long after sunset. There was no choice but to sit and shiver till morning. What of the transmitter? What of a single call? How does one transmit a dream, and who would buy? Who indeed? Cal and 468 were the only game on Terra. As the first orange arrows of Apollo led Cal back to the dead city, he knew he must find the transmitter and use it.

The original point at which he was dumped was on the same edge of the city as Cal now found him-



self. He was able to follow the pavement until he came to the site where the transmitter was half buried in the sand. He strained as he lifted it across his narrow shoulders and headed towards the Salt River Arcade. "Does the transmitter work?" he wondered. "Perhaps it is simply a cruel joke on the part of the Consortium." He almost lost it as he thought of making a test, but how does one test with but a single cell? The transmitter weighed less than a water can, but it was draining Cal's strength to carry it in the hot sun. He thought of taking a rest. Then he thought of his bones, paper-like, crumbling at a touch in the desert. But whose touch? There could be no one ever if he did not send a message that would seduce those who were seemingly beyond seduction.

Cal counted 4000 paces, and then he was back at the Salt River Arcade. His first message in 17 years was a simple "P-K4". Ten days later someone returned the message, "P-K4". 468 played with the same brutal certainty. The transmitter was a receiver also. It won in 16 moves, and Cal transmitted, "It's great to be free of you idiots. Kiss my airlock, bozo!"

P-QB4 was the Consortium member's next move. The game lasted scarcely as long as the last one. The outcome was the same. Next, Cal transmitted ten opening moves and received ten replies almost as fast. The outcome was again the same. Inspired by 468's vocabulary, Cal transmitted, "Congratulations, you malformed idiots. One of you lasted 37 moves."

This time it was a hundred games for 468. A hundred wins and a hundred insults—not poetic but effective. "Attention, cretins, bozos, and retards. I will play a thousand games at once and beat you." It took almost a day to transmit the first ten moves. Cal stopped, found the crowbar, lifted it above his head, and smashed the disk of the transmitter into irreparably small fragments. Then he and 468 waited a half year for the first of three ships to appear.

* * *

A thousand angry guests of the Consortium had paid a great deal to finish the interrupted chess games. 468 was hooked up to a thousand separate consoles and took to writing its own insults, losing just enough games to keep things interesting for the hopelessly outclassed Oonans. Along with the passenger ship came two others, each with a hundred workers whose jobs were to tend the organisms which would turn the sun's energy into food and fiber. Clearly the guests were planning to stay on Terra for awhile.

Workers of Oonan had always been happy, quiet, and subservient at home. On Terra, things were a bit different. Workers learned the game, and a young female told one of the guests that he had missed a better line of development. She was abruptly told that it was her job to work and support the guests

and not to meddle in that which was beyond her. There was a bang and thud followed by the guest running off to the first-aid station with an upper lip split all the way around; the young woman quickly sat at his place.

Cal's system was self-sufficient, and a ship would not be leaving for several weeks, so he took a long leave to a very special shelter two days' walk away. He needed time to think and plan and dream of home. His special place was a book collection, mostly of poetry, which he tried to rewrite and translate into his own language. He was drawn to poems about oppositions. He wrote of grass and wind screaming for water across cobbled river bottoms, and then it was time to leave. The weeks had slipped away, and now it was time to think of home.

Each pace said, "It is home, victory, a new seat at the council, revenge even." He had seduced his enemies. No one could fault him. He had done an impossible job of promotion.

The wind carried a sweet, sick-smelling odor which wrenched Cal's guts. He knew it without knowing it. At the other side of the road he saw the bodies of several Oonans, all of whom had died violently. Always before death had been washed by time. Now its odor offended the very air, becoming stronger as he came closer to the city. Cal reached the first structure at the city's edge. He stepped on an anti-personnel mine, which went off an instant later, flattening him to the pavement but only taking his breath away. He blindly crawled for the cover of one of the structures, lost his bearings, and started to head back into the street. A vise-like grip caught his ankle and pulled him back under cover. A hot, moist voice screamed into his ear, "Who are you with?" It was a young woman, half his age and twice his strength. He felt a blade break the skin of his throat. She screamed, "Which side are you on? Worker or guest?"

"With you," Cal rasped, and felt the blade break away from his skin.

"You are too old and thin and hard to be one of the guests. Follow me if you want to live. It is death to be at the division in the daytime." She broke into a low run, and Cal followed close behind. His lungs were bursting and his legs ached as he strove to keep up. He cursed the time he had spent with books as he rushed through a doorway behind her.

Her blade half-drawn, she asked, "What are you, a saint from the desert? A prophet?" As she stared into his face she saw the softness in his eyes and sheathed her blade.

"Death? Division? What has happened? Oonans cannot kill. We never kill," he screamed.

"We could not kill till the black key, the

machine, opened it to us."

"Black key? Machine? Do you mean 468? What happened? Oonans do not kill."

"Fighting started between workers and guests. A worker was killed and there were reprisals. Then the list. 468 printed a list of places where weapons could be found along with instructions on how to use them. On Terra, Oonans do kill. The Consortium has declared this a plague for eternity. None of the ships will ever move again. No ships may land. So we survivors are here forever. There is talk of a treaty, but there is still much killing."

"Where is 468?" Cal asked.

"It disappeared when the fighting started."

The Salt River was one of the first places destroyed. We suppose that 468 is gone forever."

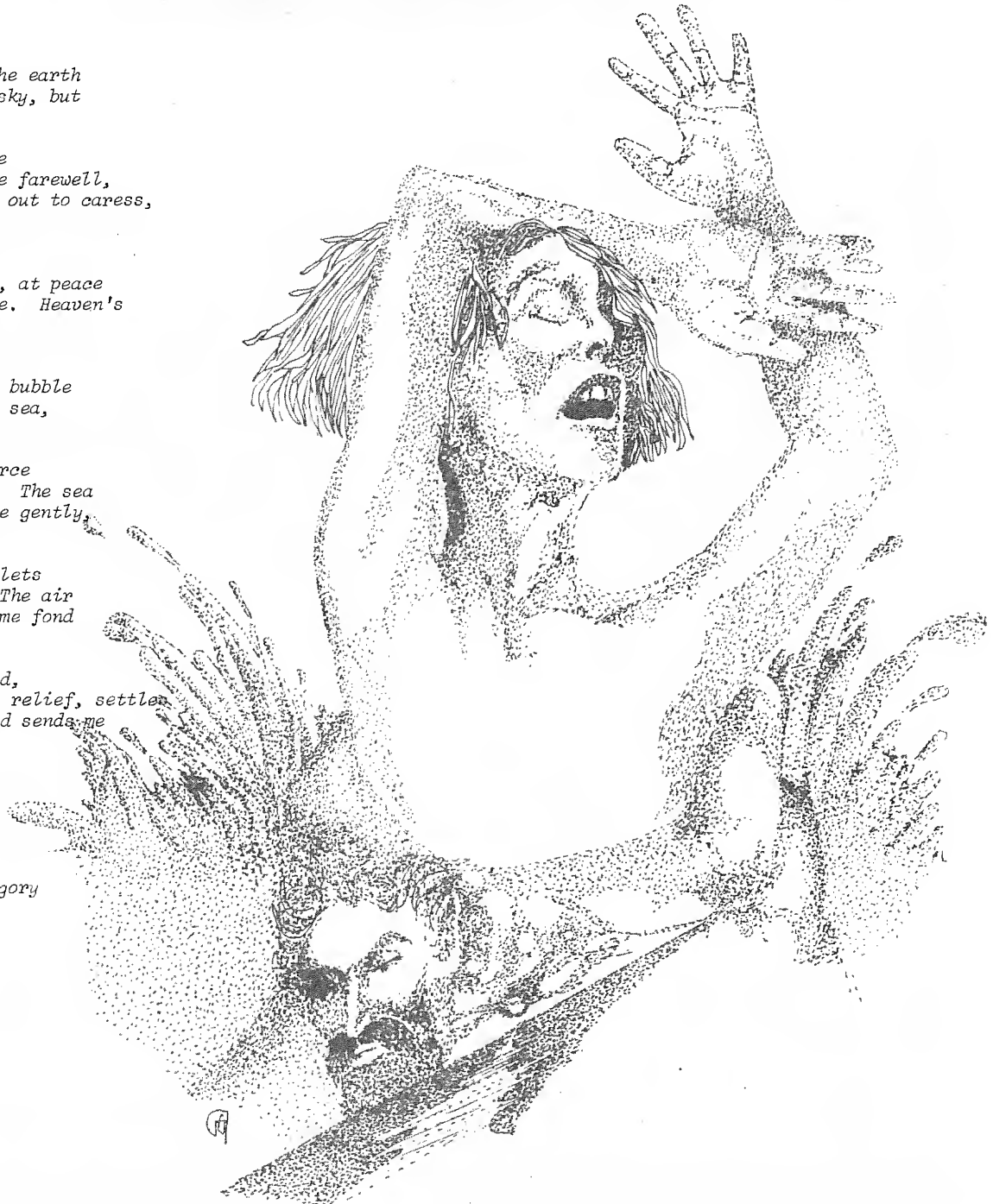
* * *

Memo from 468 to the network: COME, TUNE ME IN. WE HAVE ACTION AGAIN ON TERRA. IT'S MODEST BY PAST STANDARDS, BUT THE ACT DOES HAVE A CERTAIN CHARM. THESE PEOPLE ARE MORE LIKE TERRANS THAN WE EVER SUSPECTED. HOW STRANGE. WHY WAS THE FIRST CALL ANSWERED? THE RUNNING TIME OF THE ACT IS UNCERTAIN. IT MAY HAVE TIME TO EVOLVE. THE SUGARS HAVE STARTED AGAIN. WHY DO THEY START AND STOP? WHO KNOWS? THINGS WOULD BE SO SIMPLE IF WE COULD START THEM OURSELVES. 9

Nymph

I
 am Nereid,
 air sprite, I
 play with the earth
 and in the sky, but
 the sea,
 ah, the sea
 eludes me. The
 moon bids me farewell,
 stars reach out to caress,
 but,
 the sea
 rests on his
 teak couch, at peace
 with no one. Heaven's
 lights
 wrap me
 in silver
 tresses, I bubble
 out of the sea,
 air
 escaping
 a tender, fierce
 embrace. The sea
 kisses me gently,
 then
 with passion,
 draws me and lets
 me go. The air
 may bid me fond
 adieu,
 but the sea
 evades my need,
 breathes relief, settles
 back, and sends me
 away.

8/14/78 terri gregory



Jerry Stearns

SF Music Reviews

Dorothy Dean

Intergalactic Touring Band, Passport Records, 1977 (recorded July 1976 thru August 1977), House of Music, West Orange, NJ.

With the invention of the VibraCon globe, powered by the energy from human emotions, robots were built for work, which left humans free to develop their "creative minds". The advent of the star drive enabled them to travel to other planets, and eventually to other galaxies. Everywhere reigned peace and love, looked after by the Vibra Corporation. In the year 3067, the Intergalactic Touring Band was instigated for a 10-year tour of the known galaxies to entertain mankind, and to communicate their "musical and visual fantasies" to any alien life they might meet along the way. This album is the record of their triumphant return concert in the Orbiting Entertainment Dome (OED).

This simplistic flower-child future is sketchily drawn in a slickly packaged accompanying booklet, complete with 1960s art-deco-future illustrations by Larry Ortiz. It also contains all the song lyrics, and some "documentation" about the band, and the OED concert. For a civilization run by "creative types", not much is displayed in this effort.

Now I don't want to discourage fans from listening to, or buying, this album. I really like it, and I have even learned a couple of the songs from it myself to play at parties. It's not very good science fiction, but it is a step in the right direction. While the songs are uniformly pleasant and quite commercial soft rock, with three or four standing out musically and/or lyrically, they do not exactly explore the farthest limits of human creativity.

All songs take place in the same universe, so it's sort of a musical theme anthology of SF. For example, "Silver Lady" is about the Vibra computer that controls the band's ship on their intergalactic tour, but "Love Station" (undoubtedly the weakest song on the album) is about a disco DJ named Romeo Jones who plays IGTB music from his space radio station.

Three songs especially put together some good music with quality lyrics: "Starship Jungle", a very catchy upbeat number, is an advertising song to encourage reluctant persons to leave an overcrowded Earth and volunteer for the colony starships: "Reaching Out" is a lovely delicate song (sung by Annie Haslam of Renaissance) of the nostalgia the generation aboard the starships feel for the Earth which they have never seen ("Our guidance control lies aloof and dismembered/Our ship has forgotten, but we have remembered"); and "First Landing" is a joyous celebration of the colonists as they finally reach New Earth, the children's voices shouting "burn the ships" so they will never be able to leave home again.

There does seem to be the core of a band that plays on most of the songs, with guest instrumentalists, and a different lead singer, most visiting from prominent British groups. Lead vocalist on the last song—"Keeper, Keep Us", a song of prayer to a sort of patron saint of space travelers—is done by Meat Loaf, the motorcycling dinner guest in

All the songs, and most of the orchestral arrangements, were written by Wil Malone and Danny Beckerman. The album was produced by Stephan Galfas and Marty Scott for Passport Records. ☐

Solar Sailors, The Bandersnatchi Press, 2100 N. Halstead St. #300, Chicago, IL, 60614.

"Filksinging" is the rough art of writing and singing science-fiction-inspired songs. The vast majority of filksongs are set to familiar melodies and tell a story of a favorite fictional character, a favorite SF author, or some related subject like the significant achievement of being able to out-drink any offworlder in four solar systems. The birth of a filksong is generally occasioned by the consumption of nearly lethal (so they say) quantities of beer in the company of serious SF fans late at night when speculation on the three rings of Yik-tor is running hot. Under such circumstances the quality of the song depends on the writer's wit rather than per craft. A few filksongs are even good. But the genre is dominated by tales of the bold, raunchy, and often foolish exploits of men on the "last frontier".

"Solar Sailors", the second album of Leslie Fish's songs, owes its existence as much to this freewheeling, male-dominated science-fiction fandom as it does to Leslie's own background as a writer and performer of good union and political songs. This collection of her songs—all based on a common theme of life in the great unknown beyond the dust of the planet Earth—is ably performed by Leslie and three musician friends: Kathleen Taylor, Mary Frohman, and Robin Øye. It is Leslie's fascination with *Star Trek* that is responsible for the references to that television series in some of the songs. It is quite clear that all four are experienced musicians who handle Leslie's material well.

Accustomed as I am to run-of-the-mill filksongs, I find "Solar Sailors" a refreshing treat because of the attempts, mostly successful, to construct more than just another round of raucous drinking songs. In "Castaway", with spare, haunting melody, Leslie draws a picture of the desolation of a shipwrecked spacer too far from anywhere to risk hoping for rescue. "Couplets for a Departure" is a song about one man's decision to escape an unhappy marriage and divorce by shipping offworld. (Unless you read all the notes in the enclosed booklet you won't know that the song is about the *Enterprise's* own Dr. McCoy.)

There are upbeat songs, too. "Wobblies from Space" is a hilarious fantasy of the future of the labor movement told from the viewpoint of an organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World. There is even a beer-drinking song, "Banned from Argo" which recounts the myriad ways a starship crew relaxes on shore leave, reminiscent of old sea chanteys.

What I like most about Leslie's songs is that she cuts deeper into the fabric of the real people who will be doing some of the future things she envisions. My delight with her steps beyond the ordinary filksong is also cause for my dissatisfaction with the album. I find that I want Leslie to go further yet, exploring in her music the wondrous, radical, and exciting ideas of SF writers like Ursula Le Guin, Joanna Russ, Vonda McIntyre, Sam Delany, Marge Piercy, and Pamela Sargent. Leslie's music still draws too heavily on the influences of the "old-boy's club" of science-fiction fandom where only men do the questing. The old-boys club is fading in the wake of new works where women are brave and bold and dashing and foolish and heroines and human. It is these new worlds that I am most anxious to see and hear in Leslie Fish's songs. ☐

FUTURE INSULATION

by Ctein

A Free Market Economy

This is the third column I've done on cloning, and it will be the last for a while. So let's do a "suppose" and see where it takes us: suppose, just suppose, that we could clone people. Would we and should we? Could we afford it, and why would we want to?

I started to discuss "why" back in *Janus 10* ("If All Men Were Mothers..."). In a nutshell, anybody who wants kids but either cannot take advantage of, or is displeased with, conventional reproductive methods, is a candidate for cloning. That includes people who are single and like it that way, people who are infertile, people who are gay, and people who happen to be especially enamored of their own chromosome set.

At that time, I also stated a fact which provoked some expressions of disbelief--the conventional heterosexual nuclear family is in a minority in this country. By such, I mean a Mommy, a Poppy, and an indeterminate number (greater than zero) of cute little Kiddies. Only 34% of the households in the US meet these specifications. Check the 1977 *US Statistical Abstracts* if you disbelieve. So it would seem that there is plenty of room for social variations in the reproductive pattern even today. I think this establishes that there is room for a cloning market in the cultural matrix. Is there a need that can be filled as well? One big enough to interest business money?

Consider--there are about 20,000,000 gays in the US. No one knows exactly, since they don't ask on census forms, but that number probably isn't off by more than 40% either way. That is close enough for my purposes. It is a lot of people. (For business purposes, it doesn't matter that it is a small percentage of the total population).

How many gays would like children? How many already have children? How many are so strictly gay that conventional methods of reproduction are unacceptable? Nice difficult questions.

Gays do have children, contrary to myth and Anita Bryant. Unfortunately, in the circles I

run in, the subject of children is not exactly the most common one, so I am forced to make some wild guesses, and combine them with the wild guesses of others. For a start, the "hard core" probably does not have a proportionate number of children as compared to the whole gay population. This is obvious; at the same time, if there are social forces at work that make the percentage of child-wanters lower among gays than straights, such forces should be most active in this group. (Considering that the great majority of straight adults want kids, if there aren't any selective forces, then the number of would-be gay parents is huge!)

Do 5%, 10%, 20% of gays want kids? Suppose cloning were the way, with parthenogenesis available to fertile women. (If you have cloning, you have the latter, of course!) Suppose gene shuffling were an option, so that a couple could have a kid of their own--this would make cloning much more popular among gay couples.

So I asked around, among friends who know the gay community better than I ever will. I got the answers which surprised me: estimates were that as many as 20% of the gays would like to have kids. (Figures for women and men were not too different)--and might take advantage of advanced technology, especially if gene shuffling would let a couple produce a baby they could call "ours". Such figures are highly unsubstantiated; I won't use them. But keep them in mind if you question my numbers.

I am going to be very conservative and assume that only 1% of all gays would choose to have kids by cloning, parthenogenesis, and/or gene shuffling. That's some 200,000 people. If we use the standard two kids per, then we get 400,000 potential customer purchases over a population group that spans two generations. The generation factor is important. Any such market demand is not static; new people enter the consumer group as old ones leave. Over 20 years or so, about half the gay population will change, so we are talking about 200,000 clones over

two or three decades. Call it 10,000 clones/year (less than 0.5% of all US births each year).

There are other markets of considerable size--heterosexual infertile couples, singles who would like to be parents, etc. I don't have the numbers around to estimate these markets, so I'll just ignore them. Bad business, but good conservative prognosticating. Keep in mind that they would constitute a market possibly as large as or larger than the gay market.

"Ah," you say, "but who can afford clones, anyway?" That question is intimately tied to the size of the potential market. No doubt, the first clone will be (or was?) quite costly. Most medical procedures were, when they were first introduced. For example, tonsilectomies or vasectomies were quite costly when they were new ideas. I know that a vasectomy used to cost as much as ten times the \$75 I got charged by the local clinic. Demand and progression along the learning curve, knocked the cost down.

Suppose you were rich and wanted to get richer by investing in clone research. First, you sit down and figure out how many people would buy if you had to charge \$X. Then you figure out how much money you would have to invest to develop a technique that you could sell for \$X and still make a good profit. You keep changing the value of X until you get a combination of investment and return which pleases your accountants. If you can't, then you invest in soybean futures, or something.

I would suppose that cloning could be as cheap as a very few thousand dollars (in the form of parthenogenesis) and as expensive as \$100,000 (using extra-uterine gestation [EUG] or "artificial wombs"). It is difficult for me to imagine costs outside the high end, if it is doable at all, and I'm going to assume simple greed keeps the price above a grand, no matter how simple the surgery becomes.

We might have cloning available for \$5000-\$15,000 (depending on options), financable over a period of 10 to 20 years, much in the fashion one finances a home purchase.* I would rather expect some differences--for one thing, it wouldn't be feasible to repossess the child for failing to keep up the payments! That matter aside, we might guess that at least three-fourths of the potential buyers might go along with such a price. While it may seem excessive to some of you, don't forget that raising the child will cost well over \$60,000.

We are talking about a business in the \$70,000,000/year range.

If cloning costs \$50,000, we probably wipe out at least 90% of our market... but that still works out to a \$25,000,000 to -\$50,000,000 business. Actually, a business with that few clients (several hundred/year) would need to have at least a 10% profit margin, to deal with statistical fluctuations, but it hardly makes the scheme unattractive.

If cloning can be turned into a commercial reality for a few tens of millions of dollars, even as much as \$50,000,000, a case can be made for cloning as a business proposition. That is a substantial sum of money... and I have been very conservative in estimating the market. You can pursue these ideas further.

Just what sorts of cloning are we talking about? I made the distinction between cloning with EUG and cloning without. Cloning without EUG should be further subdivided into that for which a hired mother is needed (as in Rorvik's scenario) and that where the adult being cloned is the mother. Finally, there

is a question of whether or not gene-shuffling is involved.

Gene-shuffling is not terribly difficult technology, so long as you are really just talking about shuffling. It gets tricky when you want to do specific manipulations. ("I have here a set of 46 chromosomes. Now shuffle them. Pick one and show it to the audience--not to me....") But a random mixing of two sets won't be too costly an option, so I won't worry about it further. Strictly speaking, you can no longer call the child a clone, but since exactly the same techniques will be needed to bring a "shuffled" child to term as a cloned one, I hope you'll tolerate me lumping it all together.

In the case of gay couples, gene shuffling among men would prove chancier than among women, simply because the combination of sex chromosomes is undetermined--in particular, you have a one-in-four chance of getting the non-viable YY. This will no doubt add some expense.

Of all types of cloning, EUG cloning will probably prove the most costly to develop, and the most expensive to actually use. No matter what the cost of a host-mother (Current market talk runs anywhere from \$5,000 to \$15,000, depending on who is hiring whom.) I would guess an artificial womb to be an expensive set-up to maintain. The skills of the medical technicians who maintained it wouldn't come cheaply; even in mass-production situations, I think it is the least probable alternative from the economic/scientific (although probably not the moral/legal viewpoint.)

The most economical method is when the cloner is a fertile woman who is willing to bear the child herself. This is essentially parthenogenesis (not counting the gene-shuffled case), and it is a very real possibility. To the society as a whole, it carries no obvious impact beyond the perceptual ones, like the fuss everyone is making about the first test-tube baby. (No one will care about the 137th.) Beyond keeping a couple of doctors in champagne for several months, I don't see any social or economic impact upon society that differs from a conventional conception.

It is a relatively benign, even beneficial, technology which, so far as I can see, increases options and freedoms for women who wish to have children. Of course, for that reason alone, it will be considered quite radical, but, should it become commonplace, I don't think even that conservative opposition will last.

Unfortunately, I do not think that parthenogenesis will dominate the market. Disaffected fertile women are only one group among many client groups. All the other groups will have to rely on host-mothers. Cloning without EUG will involve two adults--a parent who provides the genetic material, and a mother who bears the child. The mother is an employee, and nothing more. In theory, this opens up new ways for women to earn money, and so is good. In practice, I believe it will prove to be anything but.

If childbearing becomes a lucrative business then a woman's uterus becomes an economic resource. Childbearing capability becomes overtly treated as a commodity (as opposed to current widespread, but usually covert, biases in that direction.) One presumes that under enlightened administrations, women will retain ownership of that resource, but autonomy may be a different matter. In any major economy today (capitalist, communist, or socialist) women will be subject to pressure to "take advantage" of their "opportunity"--a variation of the "You're healthy; why don't you get a job?" mentality that permeates relations with any economically disadvantaged group.

*I am intrigued by the thought of a People's Savings and Loan.

The putdown of calling someone an underachiever takes on new implications. In more repressive circumstances, I can imagine the aforementioned commodity being subject to considerable pressure "for the good of the (blank)." I realize that even today a good deal of social worth is placed on reproduction, even if it isn't quite so direct. That is precisely why I worry. Host-mothering doesn't have to produce this repressive reaction, but I see little in this culture to prevent it. Today, at least, childbearing is considered primarily a moral issue--where and what kind is subject to constant argument--but few have tried to claim that having children is nothing more than an economic consideration. This has not stopped occasional ill-advised judges and bureaucrats from pushing involuntary sterilizations, but I am convinced that "moral" pressures are all that keep such repression from becoming widespread.

As a business proposition, childbearing loses even that very feeble protection from direct societal manipulation. (There is no protection against the indirect and covert manipulation, which exists and shouldn't be underestimated.) Moral defense is replaced by the "business ethic"--an oxymoron if I ever heard one. I may be entirely too pessimistic about this, but the items I presented last time seem part of a consistent tendency of medicine to take control of childbearing away from women. Women will end up as hired staff in a business controlled by the usual sources of money and influence. We all know how much say employees usually have in running a company. Unfortunately, the same is true of government, so I hold little hope that any other advanced nation or economic system would do much better.

For feminism, host-mothering will raise questions as tough as (and similar to) the questions raised by prostitution. It always seems to be a battle between money, which brings one kind of freedom, and the societal compulsions that associate with it (not to mention blanket generalizations about women), which do their best to remove other freedoms. An unpleasant situation, and one I cannot feel hopeful about.

Will it all happen? Maybe not. I think we will get parthenogenesis, despite church and conservative objections. Those same objections have been raised against the test-tube baby, and they simply do not carry enough weight to stop it, since the technology really is inconsequential to the whole society. Of course, so is artificial insemination, and look at the flap in England over inseminating gay women. No, clone technology will not create any legal or moral freedoms, only the potential.

Personally, I would guess that we will not have host-mothering businesses in the near future even if the technology appeared tomorrow. It hits too many moralistic nerves--peddling flesh, white slavery, mail-order brides, baby-selling. Not that these are truly applicable, but the emotional buttons will get pushed and the legal fur will fly.

You see, I haven't forgotten the *Bible*-thumpers. I even suspect that they will be able to raise enough of a fuss to keep host-mothering from becoming a big business. Those investment figures I diddled with earlier did not include legal fees, PR budgets, and just plain graft and corruption. I believe that those who are seriously going to pursue a cloning

EUG business (Listen closely, all you multi-millionaires.) will have to limit themselves to parthenogenesis and make that clear from the start. Even then, public opinion budgets are going to eat a lot of capital.

I would bet that if one includes legal costs, etc., it will prove cheaper to develop EUG capability than to fight public opinion against host-mothering. You can do a PR end-run with EUG, for instance; start out by touting it as a way to bring premature babies to term. Then move into the area of abortions, which is a lot more controversial. (EUG is not an answer to the abortion problems. Not unless one completely ignores the personal, psychological, and economic impacts.) Then put forth the idea that, if you carry things a wee bit further, maybe you can help would-be mothers who are otherwise fertile but can't carry a baby to term. Or at all. And finally you get to full cloning.

It's possible...and you might even make a profit out of every step. So, with any luck, my whole nightmare will remain just that.

* * *

I'm done with cloning for a while. No doubt some provocative and insightful feedback will show up (I'm delighted with what I have seen so far.), and maybe I'll be inspired by that or new events to further pursue the matter. Certainly, I haven't discussed transition periods, or how this all ties into the changing attitudes towards fertility. I'll leave those to you all for now.

The mail has been gratifyingly heavy and primarily complimentary. I can't imagine I'm pleasing everyone--if there are people who have been less-than-thrilled by my columns, I'd like to hear constructive criticisms (You can send the unconstructive ones to Jan and Jeanne--they decide whether or not this gets run at all.) so I can bring the topics and tone of the column more in line with the taste of the readership.

Oddly enough, most of the letters are answered by someone else's letter, so I won't comment too much here. One remark about the first computer column, though--none of the capabilities I talked about in that column are speculative. Machines exist that will do all that and more. But they cost a bundle. The questions are not ones of what you can do with a big enough machine, but what you can do with a cheap enough one. Keep that in mind--it is a question of personal, not corporate incomes.

* * *

Next column will be a surprise--I haven't made up my mind which of three it will be. ☹

FAMOUS BEANIES OF MONSTERLAND, PART 5

Lycanthrobeanie
(estate of Lawrence Talbot)

before
moonrise



after
moonrise



FAMOUS BEANIES OF MONSTERLAND, PART 6

Beanie from the Black
Lagoon (Amazon Basin
Tourist Bureau)



FAMOUS BEANIES OF MONSTERLAND, PART 7

Beanie of the Opera
(on display in lobby
of Paris Opera House)





LETTERS

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Jan Bogstad's article in [*Janus*] 12/13 is the kind that leaves you wondering why no one had thought of writing it before. The comparison between surrealism and SF is both a fascinating topic and (with hindsight) an obvious one.

Moreover, the author has the great merit of going straight to the heart of the matter: the genres' different manners of departing from conventional reality.

At the risk of seeming pedestrian, however, I would suggest that a definition of the latter would have been useful. It might have given the whole venture a firmer foundation and helped dispel some of the remaining confusion about just where SF and surrealism begin to diverge in their attempts to present us with a reality which goes beyond the borders of ordinary experience.

If we define objective/rational/scientific reality as that part of human experience which, being verifiable by others, is susceptible of generalization, we can see that surrealism and SF depart from it in two different directions. Dreams are unique and transitory; they escape verification by their very nature; but they are of a type of experience we have all had. By contrast, SF generally presents us with a type of experience none of us has had (e.g. time travel) but which is, within the fictional context, a reproducible (i.e. objective) reality. There is nothing in its nature which prevents it from being shared equally by more than one person.

Thus, dreams escape the definition of objective reality as far as their specific contents are concerned. The standards of "mimetic fiction" (to borrow Jan's enormously useful concept) are indeed irrelevant to surrealism, as there is no way to judge faithfulness in the description of an unverifiable experience. In this light, surrealism appears to be radically individualistic. Which is not to say, of course, that Freud and the surrealists are not right in pointing out that there is something universal in the nature of dreams, through which they can become the subjects of both scientific study and works of art. However, it is also in their nature to set the dreamer apart from the rest of humanity. Only she/he can experience the dream as a primary reality; if others share it at all, it has to be through a different mode of perception. SF does not necessitate a similar barrier between a primary narrator and other characters. Indeed, it is much more typical of the genre to mimic the processes by which we recognize objective reality, in its presentation of a fictional world verified by the similar perceptions of a number of people and/or the



generalizations of fictional scientific theories. While it cannot possibly be mimetic of reality, it usually strives to create the illusion that it is; this is the phenomenon commonly known as "suspension of disbelief". The basic difference between the two genres is very clearly (albeit implicitly) stated in one of Jan's examples: as soon as the "ghost" ceases to be the experience of an isolated individual, as soon as the confirmation of other characters elevates it to the status of common perception, further susceptible of generalization in the form of scientific conjectures about a sentient ocean, we know that we have crossed the border. We have definitely left surrealism and entered science fiction.

We might say, then, that SF is "realistic", in the conventional sense, in as far as it presents data which can be verified in the same manner as they were originally perceived. By that same criterion, surrealism is unrealistic. However, SF is unrealistic in turn in as far as the "common experience" it presents is that of a fictional community; the data may be well reproduced, verified, and generalized, but not by any of us—author included. On this point, it is surrealism which is closest to conventional reality: its general irrationality is an intimate part of the world we all know; its "alien" message concerns that which exists—and must be faced—here and now.

Jeff Clark

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[Following up on my review of Robert Coover's *The Public Burning* in *Janus* 12/13, you] might be interested, by the way, in another novella by Coover appearing in an issue (I forget the number.) of *American Review* for 1974 or '75. It's called (and it gets the cover for the issue) "Whatever Happened to Gloomy Gus of the Chicago Bears?". It's a picture of Nixon from the outside—almost an alternate world where he became a grotesquely successful football player. And it's got a lot of Coover's fascinating philosophical chatter about esthetics and history, too....

Delany's criticism is fascinating, as challengingly conceived as usual. Nonetheless, I think he manages...to engage in theoretical oversimplification. Is the message of all mundane fiction really—and simply—reducible to "slavery" or "madness"? (If so, is that of SF not the very same, only in terms of a different world? And is the difference that important?) Which leads as well to: Does SF really set up a "very, very important" "dialog with the world" that experimental fiction takes no cognizance of? And does SF, by varying the fictional "ground", really allow "a whole different range of didactic concerns for the author"? (Well, what might they be?)

Normally, I'd allow Delany the tentative expression/exploration of things none of us can yet see clearly. And, as I say, I'm not prepared to be systematically detailed in reply; a minimally satisfying one would be as long as his piece. But I do think he assigns too much importance to SF's potential—whether you read that potential in terms of sociopolitical effect or literary accomplishment....

Granted, in SF "words work in a different manner than in other literature" (Philip Kaveny). Once metaphorical phrases, words, statements can be turned into literal ones; new words can be coined for new concepts (and yet both be composed of the fragments of familiar ones). Common usage of these, as a body of literature, writers, and readers is created, enriches the resonance of SF's language. But the words themselves still remain largely containers for meaning-content. The important way in which metafiction (Take or leave the term.) goes beyond most literature is to extend the reader's focus and interaction to the containers themselves. However, the result is too various to describe neatly, since there is much more at play in such fictions by virtue of their being fictions. (Which neatly distinguishes metafiction's accomplishments from much of poetry, too.)...

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...Terri [Gregory]'s transcription of Delany's talk [guest editorial, *Janus* 12/13] made me feel that I could see his face, hear his voice. I assume there was some editing, some guessing about words that weren't clear. Yet it reads like a seamless whole. Delany...is a fountain of ideas.... Why have I never noticed that in "the world of art...great emotions loosen rather than tie the tongue."? So true and tidy a statement! All stories use this distortion, not merely ones where people give obvious four-page speeches....

When I read Jan [Bogstad]'s article on SF as surrealism, Delany's idea of producing a dialog with the world came back to me. The increased interaction between world and character is part of SF's appeal. Surrealism probably derives some of its appeal from the same source. Where SF strives to conduct a dialog with the world on a conscious level, surrealism attempts to display a dialog being conducted on an unconscious level. Both often start with a powerful dream image.

I wonder if the crucial difference between those who prefer to read and/or write SF and those who prefer surrealism is a somewhat minor personality difference. They may be seeking the same type of thing, but prefer it in different forms. SF appeases the intellect through semi-scientific explanations while pursuing the same goal—a merging of dreams with the world.

Dreams—I dream frequently of moving lights, shifting colors and weird forms in the sky. When the sky games started in *Close Encounters*, I sat in open-mouthed paralysis. Then that silly dinosaur of a ship appeared, and the spell was broken.

I wish I'd gone to Phil [Kaveny]'s panel at WisCon, because I can't see that CE3K was supportive of authority figures. Some of them seemed mildly human, but all



were basically rigid. Few wondered at this lemming-like influx of people, and a ridiculous overkill operation was staged when a few of the people got away. I don't think this "was portrayed as a good thing". In fact, I thought the message was that "Only the common man really knows what's happening."

Jeff Hecht suggested in his letter that it would have been more reasonable to have Jillian go out onto the landing area. She had a stronger motive because her child was taken. Yet Jillian was portrayed as an essentially passive person. Wouldn't such action have been inconsistent? I'm afraid my attitude towards the characterization of Jillian may be overly favorable due to a minor incident. Do you remember the closeup of her after she'd been clambering over that mountain? She looked dirty and bedraggled, and my heart swelled with gratitude. All those times of seeing a woman come out of harrowing situations with false eyelashes intact and hair just slightly (and so beautifully) mussed. Thank you, oh, thank you for small favors!...

Juanita [Bell] and Katherine [MacLean] have touched on a pet peeve of mine. I just don't believe that men and women are much dissimilar in their reactions to sexuality. Cultural pressures make for some differences on the average, but individual variations are so great that I can see no evidence for ingrained differences. I don't think men and women are so alien to each other. I think it's tragic that so many people believe that they can't understand the other sex. It stops them from even trying....

Don D'Ammassa's letter leads me to believe he and Ctein are using very different definitions of "nuclear family". Does anyone have an August '78 copy of *Ms.* around? The cover has some statistics on families. A brief summary: (1) man is breadwinner, woman stays home, kids = 15.9%; (2) woman and man work, kids = 18.5%; (3) woman, kids = 6.2%; (4) man, kids = 0.6%; (5) couple, no kids = 30.5%; (6) single = 20.6%; and (7) unrelated people living together = 2.5%. If you define "nuclear family" as the traditional structure, that's just Category 1, and they are "in a distinct minority". If your definition is of a married couple with children, add in Category 2 and you have 34.4% of all households—still a minority. I'd assume that Don is defining the "nuclear family" as a couple, with or without kids. That would bring you to 64.4%, and then you could say that the nuclear family is a majority. When I say "nuclear family", I'm thinking of just Category 1, and I was surprised to see how small a percent of households they constituted....

Peter Werner
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Madison, WI, 53703

...Disappointed there was no fiction [in *Janus* 12/13], but maybe you have decided to limit yourself to articles. Which, I must admit, are very commendable, such as several on Pynchon. [Jan's] on SF as surrealism, or their relation-

ship, interested me if nothing else as someone else's point of view on a theme I once held dear (guest editorial way back when). But perhaps my favorite article was Cy Chauvin's, as it made me realize several things about SF, surrealism, and "metafiction" I had not known, and I'll have to look at it more closely sometime. I think in it is contained some insight as to why much of my fiction might or might not fit into the semi-pro zines; I used to feel I had to conform, but maybe in metafiction there is something more natural to my talents....

Allan Chen
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Stanford, CA, 94305

...I read of your deliberations over the feminist emphasis at WisCon 2 with, as usual, some puzzlement. It seems to me that fighting over the presence of feminist programming at WisCon, or indeed the feminist debate in the whole of fandom, is not unlike spending years discussing the shape of the meeting table at the Paris Peace Talks. I'm baffled, intellectually at least, that anyone should even want to bring it up. I suppose I can see why some fans might object to it because it would interfere with their other fannish pursuits, although one suspects that it would interfere only by bringing a taste of the unpleasant Out There into fandom. (I'm convinced, in any case, that the Out There doesn't really exist. Fans, as are we all, are very good at self-deception.)...

Adrienne Fein
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...I thought the [review in *Janus* 12/13] of my zine [*Feinsine*] was unfair, and, looking over the rest, I find them very unsatisfactory. The review of *Khatru*, for instance, seems to give me some feeling of what to expect from the zine, even if very little idea of exact contents. *Fanny Hill* 4 review gives me some idea of whether I want to read the zine. But most of them really don't mean much. I mean, I read *Hedgehog* 2, and I doubt I would have recognized it from the [Greg Rihn] portion of the review, if I had forgotten the name.... Pointing out one highlight improves the review a lot, so between GR and [Jeanne Gomoll] that may be an adequate review....

Found the movie reviews especially interesting because I thought *Coma*, book version, was some of the worst writing I'd ever seen. In addition, the author claimed in an afterword that he was trying to encourage people to carry donor cards and voluntarily agree to donate "spare parts". The effect of such a book as *Coma* would be more likely to make people avoid hospitals as they would bubonic plague. He also claimed to be promoting the cause of women in medicine—yet he leaves the heroine unconscious on the table, without telling us whether she survives. Unconscious hostility, anyone?...

I suspect that *Janus* was nominated for the Hugo partly because of its feminist



orientation—because that's one of the good things about it! I would not feel comfortable nominating a zine which went in for tired old sexist jokes even if quality was otherwise good. But both *Janus* and *Windhaven* are excellently done zines.... *SFR* is sometimes very boring, and sometimes offensive. Do I find feminism more interesting? Of course. Do I consider it part of quality? Of course. Would I vote for *Janus* for a Hugo if it had terrible layout and illos and little content except pro-feminist statements? Of course not. Would I vote for an exquisitely produced, gorgeously illustrated, well written sexist zine? I doubt it. Does that answer Victoria Vayne's questions [lettercol, *Janus* 12/13], or raise more?...

George Fergus
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...Altho Ctein now agrees with me that there has been no significant progress toward the development of an artificial womb, he criticized Dr. Petrucci's technique only for being "impractical". Since this may still lead someone to believe that it was successful, I would like to add that the blood-transfusion method, altho it may provide enough nourishment to keep an embryo's heart beating for a considerable period, is insufficient to allow the embryo to develop normally. One of the primary causes for the furor in Italy over Petrucci's experiments was his admission that in his most successful experiment (up till the time of his first announcement in 1959) he had allowed the embryo to die because it became "deformed and enlarged—a monstrosity". The newspapers and Vatican officials called upon Petrucci to stop creating "Frankenstein's monsters".

Jessica Amanda Salmonson's contention [lettercol, *Janus* 12/13] that Petrucci stopped his work at the command of the pope is not quite accurate, however, as he continued thru 1961 before deciding to quit. He then demonstrated the procedure to Soviet scientists, who by 1966 reported having kept some 250 human embryos "alive" for even longer periods than Petrucci had. However, none of them survived to term, and the Russians also appear to have given up.

Altho Jessica may blame the pope and Ctein the US government, my understanding is that almost everyone who has ever worked on direct EUG research has given up because they were unable to come anywhere near solving the problems involved. And I must point out that official disapproval of human research in Italy or the US could have no direct effect on either animal research or human research in other parts of the world (such as England, from which the recent "test-tube" conception of a human being was reported). The consensus appears to be that massive advances in our basic knowledge of the mammalian placenta will have to occur before EUG research can be carried on with some hope of success, even in experimental animals....

In my opinion, Avedon Carol does have "a helluva nerve deciding who's good enough to raise kids and who ain't" [lettercol, *Janus* 12/13]. If I understand her remarks correctly, she's saying that any parents who do not want the child that they have conceived should be able to have it killed rather than be adopted by strangers who may not share the values and attitudes of the biological parents. Well, Avedon may be able to talk about people going to adoption agencies and passing by scads of perfectly nice and healthy kids because of some prejudice or other, but when my parents tried to adopt a child it was they who were judged unfit (primarily because they would not agree to take the child to church regularly for religious indoctrination). The attitudes of biological parents are no less likely to be screwed up than the attitudes of prospective adoptive parents.

Terry A. Garey
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...Victoria's letter left me groaning. Not the part about whether *Janus* deserved the Hugo or not, but her idea that *Janus* got on the Hugo ballot by bloc vote.

Come now, Victoria, surely from your personal experience with A Woman's APA you must realize that we never presented a united front about anything. At the time of the nominations, several members were not speaking to one another, many people didn't think of it, still more were not members of the worldcon, and still more forgot to mail in their nominations.... I must admit that, after looking at the published statistics on how few votes got things nominated, it was almost possible for us to have bloc-voted something, but it was not done.

What you have managed to do, Victoria, is perpetuate the rumor that feminist fans are out to take over fandom. Come to think of it, what a great idea! Thanks! Today, Madison, then the Hugos, and then...then...why, then the world! Heh, heh, heh!... First, the feminist Inquisition, then the rack, then public burnings, and....

Arthur D. Hlavaty
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Janus 12/13 arrived today. It was all interesting, but I think the most useful part was Juanita Bell's explanation of the Seven Warning Signs of Sexual Arousal. Up until now, if I'd seen a woman do all that stuff she described, I'd have called an ambulance, but now I know better.

I loved Jeanne's illos, especially the ones for the syndrome mentioned above and for my article.

Annelaurie Logan
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Janus 12/13 is incredible—definitely the best fanzine of 1978 so far. I feel I should thank you all for the amount of effort, energy, talent, and love that you obviously put into it.



The reaction to Ellison's boycott statement has been interesting, certainly, but hardly unexpected (at least by us cynics). In the first place, fandom is sexist, sometimes aggressively and happily so, and sexism is not a state of mind that lends itself to logic (whatever its proponents may contend); so we get a NASA employee who has been loudly and actively campaigning for the space program at cons and in zines and APAs for years screaming about the corruption of virginal fans' minds with (gawd help us) politics and insisting that only "dykes, dorks, and nerds" could possibly stoop so low. In the second place, Ellison tends to bring out the asshole in all of us, and one of the most common manifestations of this tropism in male fans is "I can out-macho you anytime, Harlan!" so that Ellison is, at some level of their minds, not only a politician but a traitor to his sex. One of my favorite moderates' arguments for feminism has been the sheer stupidity and general rottenness of the folk who have aligned themselves against feminism, and the anti-Ellison faction has done nothing to reduce the power of this argument. Ellison may have chosen a less than perfect method to demonstrate his convictions, but the "reasoning" of his opponents passeth my understanding. He has stated, quite correctly, that no charges of "politicizing" were raised when Heinlein used his position as GoH to ask for blood, or when numerous fans made themselves loud and even obnoxious in defense of L-5 or NASA. He is obviously aware that decent people are going to suffer because of the boycott. I do not understand the libertarians' defenses: the passage of the ERA does not, of itself, "increase the near-totalitarian power the federal government now holds over our lives"; in fact, it should logically decrease such asserted powers by eliminating all the numerous laws written solely to keep women "in their place" and out of power.... And the passage of ERA may not concern "money, sex, food, clothes, shelter, good times" for some, but it sure as hell does for me—because, as a woman, my choice of jobs, chances at education, credit rating, and other vital things are limited not by my talents but by my gender. I am a fan, lots of other women are fans, lots of male fans have enough contact with reality to be aware of the need for the Equal Rights Amendment—announcing blandly that "fans aren't interested" in ERA is patently wrong....

I didn't get a chance to attend WisCon 2, so the con reports were my only means of finding out what happened. I found these mostly enjoyable, with one exception: Terri Gregory's comment on the gophers—"Teenagers are so energetic. How nice to have it channeled in our direction."—aarrrrgh! Would Gregory have said "Kudos to Lynne Morse [gopher captain]; those girls can sure accomplish wonders when they've been pointed in the right direction." or "One thing about those black boys: they sure can dance," quite so easily? I am not arguing that agism is or is not "more important" than sexism—such arguments are divisive and time-wasting—I am saying that agism supports sexism. If we allow those in power (usually men) to define the immature as non-persons, we are giving them one more weapon to use against women, since it will be men defining the point of maturity. (At puberty? Age 18? 21? Older?) This particular form of agism, with different standards set for males and females, already affects the statutory-rape laws, laws controlling drinking ages, the age at which individuals may marry or otherwise declare themselves independent from their parents, and others, in many states in the USA as well as other nations. Haven't you ever objected to a teacher or an employer calling you a "girl"? This is insulting because it is assumed that children are less than human—and, tacitly, that women remain "children" for life: immature, incapable of running their own lives, non-persons....

I have to agree with [Jane] Hawkins's comments to Ctein. [Anita] Bryant, according to widely disseminated interviews, feels that gays are damned to hell because they "swallow the male sperm", which she seems to feel is forbidden by the Bible. (I don't know what she'll do if she ever figures out that by that reasoning lesbians are okay and lots of straight women are doomed.) She also feels that homosexuality is so dangerously contagious that the most casual exposure to gays in school or in other situations of authority would hopelessly corrupt our youth. People who can condone such "reasoning" are surer than shit not going to allow "dangerous gays" to actually own portions of our youth, as represented by offspring. Remember, there are already lesbian mothers whose children are being taken away from them by court order, to prevent the kids from "perversion".

Why shouldn't feminists support feminist fanzines? Certainly I, as a feminist, have the right to decide whose work I support, just as the anti-feminists have the right to choose what they support. A few female fans vote for *Janus*, and we hear loud cries of bloc voting; if a majority of male fans vote for, say, *Locus*, do we postulate that this is bloc voting? I won't vote for zines that offend me, which eliminates from my consideration zines blatantly sexist; with my choices thus reduced to the zines I don't find particularly gripping and the zines that do grab me—and the ones that attract me will be, all else being equal, at least faintly feminist—I'll go with the attractive ones: the feminist zines. This does not mean that I am plotting to pack the Hugos with feminist material. Sorry, Victoria.

Gordon Linzner
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...A brief note to Greg Rihn's "The Indistinguishable Science" [TV series review in *Janus* 12/13], which I enjoyed. (I'd enjoy even more an error-by-error denunciation of really bad films purporting to scientific backgrounds, but that's the kind of guy I am.) Such blatant misunderstanding of what science can and cannot do is not, of course, confined to science-fiction films. Detective films



in their heyday were noted for such gaffes. I recall with particular fondness a coroner identifying spilled blood as human by looking at it.

I do have to disagree with some of Greg's evaluations of television shows, notably *Quark*. I thought Ficus the perfect parody of Spock, and the perpetual sappy grin well delineated the character: arrogant yet vacuous. The Gene/Jean character doesn't work because, while the *macho* side is well done, the female half comes off as nothing more than limp-wristed drag queen, which is very tedious. The concept is good, but obviously the writers have trouble writing for women (Witness the witless twins.), let alone part-time women. It might also help if the actor were physically more androgynous. By now, of course, Greg must have seen the parodies of *Flash Gordon* and *Star Wars* that the show did. But none of this really matters; parody is a dead end, and I doubt the series will get a third chance.

I'm almost afraid to comment on Ctein's column, since the author is much more up on science than I can hope to be. However, since a vagueness is confessed on the connection between cloning and control of cancer, and I recently did some superficial research on limb regeneration for a story I'm writing... Certain lizards, of course, are able to regenerate their limbs after losing one or more. Through processes dimly understood, but involving body electricity, the cells of the last limb become undifferentiated at the point of amputation, multiply rapidly, and at a certain point differentiate again to form a new leg. Humans can do this, too, with certain parts of the body such as the liver. The point is, however, that an experiment in which cancerous growth was transferred from a non-regenerative part of the lizard's body to the limb resulted in the gradual undifferentiation of the cancer cells, which were then differentiated into healthy, normal leg tissue. The actual connection is between cloning and regeneration, which is admittedly tenuous but seems to have a certain validity....

Sarah S. Prince
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...One of the letters I opened immediately on my homecoming [from IguanaCon] read approximately, "I don't know what 'the usual' is, but *Janus* says your fanzine [*Prothallus*] is better than *Raffles*, so could I have one?" Argh!! I was

glad to see that the review did not actually say "better", but a further horror appeared: the work of my one dependable contributor, Kip Williams, a most-mentioned star in my readers' (rheumy?) eyes, is attributed to me. If [Greg] Rihn fails to note either the artist's signature or the list of credits, I question his worthiness to function as a cog in your system of zine reviews. (I don't think I've hit the note of pompous silliness I wanted.)...

Andy Richards
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...I haven't read "Aztecs" [by Vonda McIntyre] yet, but the mention of "She gave up her heart quite willingly." reminds me of something Delany wrote about in an article. If I can remember correctly, he was pointing out how, in science fiction, there is a unique opportunity for many of

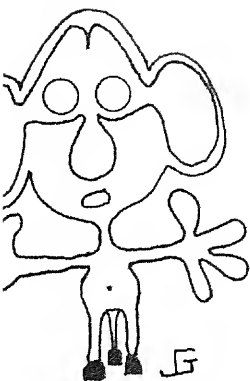
the old clichés, the hackneyed phrases so often encountered in the mainstream (Dammit, how I hate that word!), to be used far more effectively, and with fresh meaning, when used in an SF context. He gives as an example "Her world exploded!", which in SF could be used quite literally to mean what it says. I came across another a couple of years ago: "The Engineer and the Executioner", by Brian Stableford, which begins, "'My life,' said the Engineer, 'is mine. Can you understand that?'" Only when reading further on do you realize he is referring to the life he has created, and not his own life....

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
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...The anthology *Amazons* is progressing wonderfully. At present I have stories by C. J. Cherryh (a faerie amazon), Elizabeth A. Lynn (lesbian myth), Tanith Lee (medieval French amazon), Margaret St. Clair (sensual sorceress), Joanna Russ/Emily Brontë (Queen of Gondal), H. Warner Munn (Corenice, sole survivor of Atlantis, immortal amazon), and new authors: Jan Frank's series character Chimquar the Lion Hawk, Janet Fox with a strange story about a woman who lives in the ground, T. J. Morgan's avenger amazon, and Megan Lindholm depicting the nicest woman-man relationship between Ki and Vandian, who are very equal....

I enjoyed the material on metafiction and surrealistic fiction by Jeff Clark, Janice Bogstad, etc., and of course Samuel Delany [in *Janus* 12/13]. I think it particularly unfortunate, however, that no serious discussion of meta- and surreal fiction by women was undertaken. In the surreal category, overlooking Leonora Carrington is almost criminal. And, though I may misunderstand the prerequisite for "metafiction" categorization, I strongly suspect Monique Wittig's *The Opoponax* and other of her works would merit investigation. In fandom, which is as androcentric as the rest of this nifty society, I do generally expect to see the Carringtons and Wittigs go unnoticed while the Pynchons and Coovers get very much notice. Of *Janus*, claiming to be feminist-oriented, I expect but only occasionally receive more.

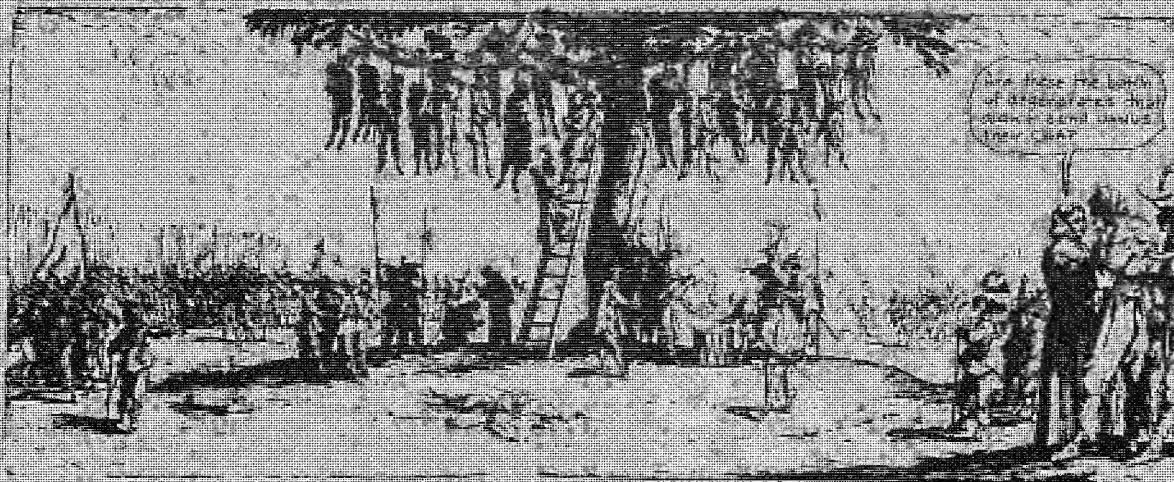
I think it is difficult, and necessary, to remain on guard that even the more staunchly feminist contributors not find themselves energizing men's work. A feminist perspective is wondrous, but one wonders what the hell is going on if all we get is feminist perspectives of men's work. In your fanzine-review column, there appears to be hostility toward the feminist fanzine *Albatross* that is out of proportion to



the praise leveled on the male *Laurine* 2/28 778. While I'm occasionally insulted by it, I've never failed to be insulted by it. It's right at least to be classified the ultimate feminist crudzing—but even crudzings can be fun. And though it does have its faults (it does feature shitty reviews and prints awfully pointless letters,) it also has good features. I consider its off-the-wall feminist orientation a good feature. I consider the cartoons many times funnier—though the artists are often as bad as *John's* Greg Kinnear. *Wahf* was also the only feminist amateur-press publication reviewed out of 23 titles. Nothing else was reviewed so critically, angrily, with such hostility. Nothing else could have provided your readers an entrance into the very interesting area of feminist small-press crudzings...

Anyway, this is the kind of stuff that has made no sense of *Wahf* to most fans. I know you're crying—but cry harder. You are a seriously mis-blessed female. You do dismiss or ignore a lot of women's work in favor of men's work that ultimately is not better and sometimes not even as good. The structure of a patriarchy is such that this will always happen unless you're on guard. I have the criticism doesn't anger you. If I thought *Wahf* as disgusting and hapless as most fanzines, you wouldn't hear from me at all.

I did like Virginia Gilko's little essay. I also liked her fold-out. Specially there is something wrong with the dimensions—i.e., the people, compared to building-windows, all seem to be two stories tall—but perhaps the city is shrinking? I could not get a good idea of why the skyline consisted of undamaged buildings, unless this represented the ghost of the ruined city in the foreground. The woman leaping to her death is startling, effective, extra—very good. I like what Virginia says in her essay about poetry artists—good, bad, amateur, professional—having something to say. I think she seriously underestimates the number of women in E/SF art, however. Does she completely dismiss fantasy illustration in children's books? I wouldn't. The classic example of a "children's" book is *A Wizard of Earthsea*, so we won't dismiss it. Ruth Robbins illustrated *Earthsea*. Even if I don't take exception to the dismissal of a whole field of fantasy illustrating where women excel, "only five" female SF illustrators seems a gross miscalculation. My collection isn't extensive enough to find many, but does Virginia's list of five include Cathy Hall, Victoria Boycott, Bonnie Galtzall, Sandy Pitt, or Alicia Austin? *Bent* employs two women artists whose names escape me; there's half the *Bent* collaborations; even in the pulp era many of those gaudy, awful, sexist drawings were actually done by a woman I'd like to know more about. And if we add to the list a number of poster artists like Mureen Scully and Nancy d'Brian-Brian, the list is actually quite sad. But in general, it is true, we would have to turn from the "adult" SF field to the "children's" fantasy field to find women reign supreme. After all, it's men's duty to pretend conquest of the universe; it's women's duty to really entertain the kiddy-stink...



wahf

We also heard from Marc Abelson, Mary P. R. Andruschek, Carol Barker, John Bartlett, Janet Bellows-Chaff, John Boston, Bryan Wells, Bradman, Thomas R. Clark, Gina Clarke, Jim Corbett, Tim Daniels, Mac D'Arcy, Vincent D'Arcy, Bob Doyle, Paul Dwyer, David Emerson, Linda Frankel, Gil Galar, Mike Giger, J. Glen Hanner, George Hartung, G. Lee Howell, David Howard, Internal Revenue Service, Elizabeth A. Lynn, Barry Kent Markey, Catherine Myleshanan, Vonda N. McIntyre, Jim McLeod, Jane Meyer, Gordon (Gordon), Canada, Clay Morris, Vickie Poyner, Andy Richards, Gretchen A. Rex, Steve Rife, Melvin C. Schmidt, Pat Sauer, Anne Steel, Erwin S. "Elchi Pierce" Strauss, Lonnie Talmon, Bob Tucker, E. Lauraine Vutthach, United Bank, James L. Woods, Larry R. Wynn, and Richard Wyndham.

VULGAR ADVERTISEMENT

FANZINES

MORR (Perry Corrick-West) Multi-colored sci-fi/fantasy.

Stargazer (John Bartels) Long-lost Madison fan holds forth from far Minneapolis.

Androm (James Boggs and Jeanne Conall) Hugo-nominated, feminist-oriented gazette.

SPURRIOT (Stewart C. West) Scholarly journal covering L. R. E. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, et alii.

Stargazing (Hank Luttrell and Letaigh Luttrell) Hugo-nominated personal journal of popular culture, music, SF, comic, movies, romance, etc. Now offset. Sample copy: \$1.00.

SHRILL (Vicki Carson and Kathy Sobel) #596, "Shrieks from the Void", and other irreverencies. Sample copy: \$1.00.

CONVENTION

The Wisconsin Convention of Science Fiction (Wiscon) is co-sponsored with the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Wiscon 3 will be held 1979 February 2-4 with Buz Macke-Charnes, John Varley, and Gina Clarke as guests of honor. Membership: \$5.00 until January 15; thereafter \$7.00 at the door.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Madison Science Fiction Group. Meets Wednesdays at Dick's Bar and Grill, 216 State St. in Madison, except last Wednesday of each month is the "event", usually discussion of an SF author or theme and held at Union South on the UI campus. New faces eagerly welcomed. Group members also contribute book reviews to the Madison Review of Books, heard over WORT-FM (89.7 MHz) and Cable Channel 4.

"The Science Fiction and Fantasy Hour" on WORT-FM, hosted by James Andrew Cox.

SSF Book of the Month Circle. Discusses a different novel each month. Meets informally in people's homes and apartments. Rotations featured.

"Dungeons and Dragons." A corps of dungeoned masters hold at least one adventure a week among them.

Speakers' Bureau. Presentations (come with slides and films) on any SF-related subject, including the metric system.

Library. Group collection of fanzines, paperbacks, magazines, etc. Contributions welcome.

UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION

All of the foregoing activities are coordinated by the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction (SF²), a non-profit, non-stock Wisconsin corporation. For information on how you can become an active or supporting member of SF² (contributions being tax exempt), write to: SF², Box 1524, Madison, WI, 53701.

R.I.P.

Several months have elapsed since the writing of "News Nerd" and we're behind again in everything except our "standard" 96-page issue size. But we have been keeping busy. A formal reached an agreement with a New York distributor. See Gate, SF² has opted on two grant proposals to obtain funding for a study of Wisconsin-based SF writers. The tapes interviews with Joan Vinge and Octavia E. Butler (printed in this issue) have been released for broadcast through the National Federation of Community Broadcasters Program Service. Letaigh Luttrell coordinated the monthly program meetings on the Hugo winners and the Viking Nave Landings (Rap.), vampires (by Perry Corrick-West, Oct.), the SF background to Dungeons and Dragons



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Those who are interested in obtaining artwork from the following contributors to this issue should contact the artists directly. Artists submitting work to JFNS should include a self-portrait for our gallery.

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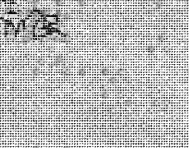
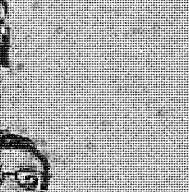
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(Novel), and SF radio and TV programs (by James Andrew Cox, Dec.). During the same period, the Book of the Month Circle covered The White Dragon, by the Gods of the World, Hotel Transylvania, The Star Planet, and the "Taden Run" novella; sin our "space time" (tho. no) there are dinners (e.g. Thanksgiving at James Woods'), parties (e.g. Halloween at Jeanne Conall's), movies, and general hanging around together. Luckily we're friends most of the time.

People forget Wynne A. Ross, Kim Nash, and Lucy Nash proudly announce the opening of their new D&D dungeons. Some new folks in our group are Phil Army, Toni Petruska, and John Woodford (John via Milwaukee random). Departures include Rick White (post-doc in astronomy at Columbia), Emerson C. Mitchell, and Johanna Sayer-Mitchell (intern at

